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No. 1,062

APRIL 5, 1890

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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THE CROWN

OF KING EDWARD VII

APRIL 5, 1893

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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WITH THREE SUPPLEMENTS

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"FAREWELL"

PRINCE BISMARCK LEAVING THE IMPERIAL PALACE AFTER HIS FINAL INTERVIEW WITH THE KAISER

THE GRAPHIC



THE LABOUR CONFERENCE.—The Labour Conference cannot be accused of having wasted time over the accomplishment of its task. It set about its work in a thoroughly business-like spirit, and the results are in every way most satisfactory. About questions of detail there were, of course, differences of opinion; but with regard to the general principle, that in the interests of humanity the State is bound to set limits to competition, the delegates were unanimous. And in several directions they applied this principle fearlessly. They decided, for instance, that female labour underground ought not to be permitted, and that boys should not be employed in mines under the age of fourteen, or in other work under twelve. Girls and women above sixteen ought not, in the opinion of the Conference, to work at night or on Sundays; and one day of rest in the week was held to be essential, although the French delegates would not admit that that day must necessarily be Sunday. Englishmen have some reason to congratulate themselves on the fact that most of the changes advocated by the Conference have already been effected in this country. The principles formulated in the answers to the questions submitted by the German Emperor are simply the principles of our Factory Acts. Directly, therefore, we have little to gain by what has been done; but on the Continent, the acceptance of the recommendations of the Conference would be a very striking advance on anything that has yet been attempted there on behalf of the working classes. There can be little doubt that in most countries the proposed reforms will be carried out, for the various Legislatures will feel that it would be unwise to reject a policy which may be said to have received the sanction of the civilised world. The Emperor is naturally much pleased by the result of his bold experiment. He has scored a very distinct success, and all who interest themselves in social questions will hope that it may be the first step in a really great career.

INDIAN GOLD MINES.—Last year was an *annus mirabilis* for British India. For the first time, her exports of tea to the United Kingdom exceeded those from China, while her despised gold mines began to yield really rich stuff. Many experts had prophesied that the ore would improve in quality as the borings increased in depth, but so much money had been spent on one thing and another that it seemed very doubtful whether the funds would not be exhausted before the rich stratum was reached. There is no longer any question on that head; the Mysore Mine has just paid a dividend of seventy-five per cent. for last year; the Ooregum has earned sufficient to pay off its debentures; the Nundydroog makes a better return every month; the Balaghat is pulling up lee way hand over hand. There are, of course, a number of other mines which are still struggling with difficulties, chiefly of a financial nature. It was not so much that they started with insufficient capital on paper; where the leakage took place which has crippled them ever since was in the exorbitant sums most of them paid for concessions of mining rights. Now, however, that the four leading concerns have either reached or got close to the dividend-paying level, the smaller fry will, no doubt, be placed on firm legs by the kindly offices of Stock Exchange speculators. And so the problem is at last solved, and Mr. Brough Smyth was right; India does contain great deposits of gold at easily workable depths. As yet, this new industry is only in its infancy, and it still remains to be proved whether Mysore will develop into a second California or Victoria. Should it do so, silver must increase to some extent in value for exchange purposes, a great gain to the Indian Government, but a serious loss to the tea, wheat, and cotton industries, which benefit by a low rate of exchange. It is a singular coincidence that Indian gold mines, after being under a cloud for so many years, should have shone out brilliantly, at the very moment when South African gold mines, after a brief period of unprecedented inflation, have become seriously discredited.

THE "CITY OF PARIS."—At the time we write, the origin of the accident which caused the starboard engine on board this vessel to break down has been unexplained, but enough is known to justify a few general observations on the subject. Upwards of a thousand persons were within an ace of losing their lives, but for two circumstances—the peculiar manner in which the *City of Paris* was built, and the pluck and resource shown by the men who were in charge of her. Mr. Plimsoll states that she was divided by means of bulkheads into no fewer than thirty separate compartments, and this gave her sufficient buoyancy to keep afloat, in spite of the quantity of water which had poured into her, and on which the pumps were unable to make any permanent impression. In this connection it is worth noting that the steam-pumps and the second engine, which was quite independent of its disabled fellow, were drowned out and rendered inaccessible by the intrush of water, and, as the *City of Paris* had no sails, she lay like a helpless log upon the ocean. Next, for the skill and courage shown by the officers of the vessel. High credit is due to Mr. Carnegie, the second engineer, who, at the peril of his life, and enveloped in hissing steam, managed, when the accident occurred, to

shut off steam, and thus saved the machinery from total demolition. Equally worthy of honour, too, was the chief officer, Mr. Passow, who, when no vessel appeared in sight, started with six gallant fellows in the lifeboat in search of assistance. This was eventually obtained, and the crippled steamer was safely brought into Cork Harbour, without loss of life, although three men were injured by the explosion. Two prominent warnings are conveyed by this disaster, which might so easily have caused a terrible loss of life; first, that it is inexpedient for steam-ships to dispense altogether with sailing apparatus; and secondly, that the principle of building vessels in numerous separate compartments, which, so far as compulsion is concerned, has, according to Mr. Plimsoll, been suffered to fall into abeyance, should be rigorously enforced.

THE NEW CODE.—Sir W. Hart Dyke and the Education Department are to be congratulated on the Code which they have just issued. It has been received with a chorus of praise by all who are competent to pronounce an opinion on its merits, and it thoroughly deserves every favourable epithet that has been applied to it. The most important of its provisions is the one that abolishes the mischievous system of Payment by Results, against which schoolmasters have never ceased to protest. In a wide sense Results will still, of course, be carefully estimated; but the right of a school to the fixed grant of 12s. 6d. a head will be determined, not by the attainments of individual pupils, but by the general condition of the institution. Schoolmasters will thus be free to adopt methods of their own, and to modify them in accordance with changing needs. They will also be able to classify scholars in the way best fitted for their progress, and to do justice to the less advanced as well as to the more clever boys and girls. These are inestimable advantages, and there is not in England a single good schoolmaster who will not feel that they may mark an era in the history of our system of elementary education. The Department has taken great pains in selecting the subjects which must be taught in schools claiming the higher fixed grant of 14s. a head, and we are glad to see that it has included needlework and drawing, the former in the case of girls, the latter in that of boys. Very wisely, too, it insists that if this higher grant is to be received, recitation must be satisfactorily taught. A special grant may be obtained by proper attention to organisation and discipline, and the conditions on which the variable grants depend have been made more elastic. The new regulations relating to teachers have been conceived in the same enlightened spirit. Altogether, the Code is the best that has ever been submitted to Parliament, and the Conservatives will be justified in claiming credit for it as a piece of work of which any Government might be proud.

SHOEMAKERS AND SWEATERS.—Public sympathy has certainly been with the shoemakers on strike, in their principal demand. No one who has inquired into labour-questions can fail to be aware that the giving out of work to be done at home produces great evils. It is bad for the workers' health and comfort; it is injurious to the community, by reason of its spreading contagious diseases; it impairs the cordial relations that ought to subsist between employers and employed; it plays directly into the hands of the sweaters. Not only shoemakers, therefore, but all handcraftsmen may depend upon hearty public support when revolting against this pernicious system. They have a natural right to demand two conditions, quite irrespective of such controversial matter as the rate of pay and the duration of daily toil. The first is, that they shall be provided by their masters with a suitable workshop, properly ventilated, lighted, and warmed; the second, that work shall be given out, performed, and paid for there, and nowhere else. Were these conditions made compulsory, the sweater's occupation would be practically gone. Even if he had the means to provide such a working-place, he would take nothing by that so long as work was given out directly, to be finished on the premises. Another, and by no means slight, gain from the adoption of this system would be that hunger-driven or thirst-driven operatives would no longer be under temptation to pawn their masters' property—a common enough transgression when work is taken home. Nor could it fail to facilitate official inspection were every firm provided with a workshop of sufficient dimensions to accommodate all in its employment. Sweaters dens, being very small, and easily transferable from one slum to another, can easily dodge the inspector; and they are, consequently, free from official supervision, except theoretically. It is evident that the master-shoemakers recognised the legitimacy of the strikers' demands from about one quarter of them having submitted at once. Even if the cost of production be slightly increased by the abolition of sweating and home-work, the public will not grudge paying a trifle extra for boots and shoes: in reality, it is a contribution towards the sanitation, both material and moral, of London.

A SELF-SUPPORTING PRISON.—One of the ideals of the enthusiastic prison reformer is that such places of detention should pay their own expenses, and not be a burden on the outside community. In this country, for a reason which we will presently mention, the ideal has been seldom, if ever, attained. They do these things, however, differently in America, and the Manager of the Detroit House of Cor-

rection, Michigan, has just handed over to the civic authorities of that town the substantial sum of 3,000/-, being the profit received during the year 1889, after the payment of all gaol-expenses. This money has been earned by two thousand two hundred and eighty-four prisoners, many of whom were, moreover, only "doing time" for very short periods, as is shown by the fact that the Detroit House of Correction began the year with four hundred and ninety-six inmates, and closed it with four hundred and thirty-six. How then was this remarkable result achieved? Here is the secret. Whatever may have been their previous occupation or profession, all prisoners are obliged to take a more or less direct part in the making of chairs. Why should not we do likewise? Alas! any one who innocently asks this question must be unaware that the American working-man, with all his boasted independence, is apparently a much more reasonable and manageable being than his British brother. If our Directors of Prisons were to venture on such a proposal, all the non-imprisoned chair-makers would be up in arms. Some years ago mat-making was a favourite prison industry, but the outside mat-makers raised such an outcry that the production had to be very much curtailed. At the same time there is much to be said for the Detroit system. Unless we put prisoners on a treadmill which grinds nothing but wind, or set them piling and unpinning shot—a heart-breaking punishment which formerly (we fervently hope not now) prevailed in military prisons—they cannot be set to any useful work which does not deprive some free man of a job. Navvies have quite as logical a right as the mat-makers to grumble. They would cheerfully undertake the dock-excavation now allotted to convicts. When working men become more enlightened, they may perceive—provided that prisoners are set to work at a variety of occupations, so that no one trade shall be specially affected—that any slight loss of wages will be more than balanced by a lessening of taxation.

ENGLAND AND THE KAISER.—The world was so much interested by the events connected with the withdrawal of Prince Bismarck from public life that it gave little heed to the reception accorded to the Prince of Wales in Berlin. Yet it was a very remarkable reception, and in ordinary circumstances would have been made the subject of a good deal of comment. When the German Emperor mounted the throne, it was generally supposed that he was hostile to England; and the impression seemed to be confirmed by some unpleasant incidents. Either, however, there was no foundation for the idea, or the Emperor has since changed his mind; he received the Prince of Wales with a cordiality which would have been impossible if he had had any prejudice against this country. The question is one of great importance, because it is almost certain that a good understanding between England and Germany will become more and more essential to the interests of both countries. The Emperor is much more favourable than Prince Bismarck ever was to the idea of the colonial expansion of Germany, and we may be sure that during his reign the two Governments will have to carry on many rather difficult negotiations regarding their respective rights in Africa and elsewhere. If the consideration of matters in dispute is approached in a friendly spirit, it will always be possible to find a satisfactory solution; but they might easily lead to danger if either side displayed a jealous or exacting temper. There is another and even more important point of view from which the subject may be regarded. As soon as the resignation of Prince Bismarck began to be talked of, it was suggested that the Emperor might, perhaps, be disposed to loosen the bonds of the Triple Alliance, and to make advances to Russia. If he had thought of doing this, he would certainly not have gone out of his way to show good-will to England. That he will try to maintain friendly relations with the Czar no one doubts; and it is to be hoped that his efforts will be successful. But that is a very different thing from substituting an alliance with Russia for the alliance with Austria and Italy. His preference for the existing arrangement is clearly indicated by his sympathy with England, which has always regarded the Triple Alliance as the best possible guarantee for the maintenance of peace.

PURE BEER.—Every lover of malt will wish all possible success to the brace of Bills just introduced into the House of Commons by Sir E. Birkbeck and Mr. Quilter respectively. They aim at the same object, the purification of the national stimulant from the vile substitutes which nowadays take the place of genuine ingredients. Sir E. Birkbeck proposes that any one selling this adulterated stuff shall be under legal compulsion to put up a notice stating that other ingredients than hops and barley-malt enter into its composition. Mr. Quilter would go further; his Bill would compel the vendor to name the substitutes. What a pretty confession this would be at the doorway of some plutocratic brewery: "Our beer is largely made"—so it might run—"of quassia, coarse sugar, and chemicals!" Or, at the ever-hospitable door of a flash public-house, how attractive would be a statement that "James Bung, licensed victualler, guarantees that all malt liquors sold on his premises are entirely free from hops, but rich in quassia and other costly ingredients!" What will the great beer interest in the House of Commons say to such a scandalous invasion of vested interests? It is not

quite so strong as it used to be, owing to the number of peerages conferred upon great brewers during the last decade. Still, it can command a heavy backing on occasion, being very expert in the science of log-rolling, and we fear that Sir E. Birkbeck and Mr. Quilter will find their benevolent intentions thwarted. Perhaps, however, the agricultural interest will rally to their assistance. It is very closely concerned in the matter, the starvation price of English hops being far more consequent upon the use of cheap substitutes by brewers than upon foreign competition. When Lord Beaconsfield laid it down that the sale of chemicals was the most trustworthy test of national prosperity, he was laughed at for uttering a dark saying. Dark, but true; when the nation is commercially prosperous, the working-classes consume more beer, and if chemicals enter largely into its composition, their sale becomes brisk, and so in a roundabout way the state of trade is reflected.

A NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART.—The National Galleries of pictures in the various chief cities of the Continent are probably in every instance more thoroughly "national" than our collection in Trafalgar Square. Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, and Spaniards are proud of their native artists, and, as far as possible, give their works the preference over those of strangers; whereas, in our so-called "national" collection, British pictures, as far as any official effort is concerned, are conspicuous by their absence. A good many home-grown paintings no doubt we have, but their presence on the Trafalgar Square walls is almost entirely due to the munificence of private benefactors. In these columns we have always advocated a complete change of system, and that the inordinate sums which are from time to time lavished in buying some Old Master, which is, after all, of greater attraction to the connoisseur than to the general public—out of whose pockets, be it remembered, the money comes—would be far more wisely spent in buying every year some of the most noteworthy new pictures shown at our numerous exhibitions. But then comes the difficulty of finding room for additional pictures, and this undoubtedly damps the ardour of generous picture-owners who might otherwise incline to bequeath some of their treasures to the nation. Look at the scurvy treatment accorded, until quite lately, to the unrivalled collection of National Portraits; look at the valuable drawings stowed away in portfolios at the British Museum, which in any other civilised country would be made much of, and freely exhibited to the public. Therefore we heartily back up Sir J. C. Robinson's suggestion that we should have a really National Gallery of British Art; and that it should be located in Kensington Palace—a fine old historical building, which has been untenanted for fifty years, and is simply going to rack and ruin.

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THE GRAPHIC

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THE ANNUAL SPRING EXHIBITION of SELECTED HIGH-CLASS PICTURES by BRITISH and FOREIGN ARTISTS is NOW OPEN at ARTHUR TOOTH and SONS' GALLERIES, 5 and 6, Haymarket, opposite Her Majesty's Theatre. Admission, One Shilling, including Catalogue.

EASTER ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON, BRIGHTON, and SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.—ALL ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS will be extended as usual.

The Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets issued to or from London and the Seaside, on Saturday, April 5th, will be available for return on Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, April 7th, 8th, and 9th.

EXTRA TRAINS FOR ISLE OF WIGHT.—The 4.55 p.m. from Victoria and London Bridge will convey Passengers for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, and Cowes, on April 3rd and 5th (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).

BRIGHTON.—GOOD FRIDAY and EASTER SUNDAY.—A CHEAP FIRST CLASS TRAIN from Victoria to 4.15 p.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

BRIGHTON.—SATURDAY to TUESDAY.—Special Cheap TRAINS Saturday, April 5th, from Victoria, 2.30 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington (Addison Road), 1.50 p.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; from London Bridge 2.15 p.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and East Croydon, to Brighton (Central Station) and West Brighton. Returning only on the following Tuesday, and then only by the 6.45 p.m. Train from West Brighton, or 7.10 p.m. Train Brighton (Central Station). Fare, 5s.

PORTSMOUTH and the ISLE of WIGHT.—SATURDAY to TUESDAY.—SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS, SATURDAY, APRIL 5th, from Victoria, 1.0 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington (Addison Road) 12.45 p.m., from London Bridge 2.30 p.m. Returning by certain trains only the following Tuesday evening.

SPECIAL CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS.—GOOD FRIDAY, EASTER SUNDAY and MONDAY. From London Bridge and Victoria to Brighton, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Lewes, Eastbourne, and Hastings. GOOD FRIDAY and EASTER SUNDAY to Tunbridge Wells. EASTER TUESDAY to Brighton and Worthing.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GOOD FRIDAY.—GRAND SACRED CONCERT.—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS DAILY to the Crystal Palace, from London Bridge, New Cross; also from Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), West Brompton, Chelsea, and Clapham Junction.

FOR full particulars of Times, Fares, &c., see Handbills and Programme, to be had at all Stations and Branch Booking Offices. (By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

NOTICE.—With this number are issued THREE EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS, one entitled "ANGELS WEPPING OVER THE DEAD CHRIST," from the Picture by Guercino, in the National Gallery; the second entitled "Two Usurers," from the Picture by Marinus von Romburgh, in the National Gallery; the third being "A PORTRAIT GROUP OF THE METROPOLITAN MAGISTRATES."

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PRINCE BISMARCK

ALTHOUGH there is much truth in the Laureate's oft-quoted line, "For the individual withers, and the world is more and more;" yet, perhaps in consequence of the fact that rapidity of communication, increase of population, and franchise extension have rendered the individual less powerful than he used to be, and made him more and more a mere unit in the mass—perhaps on this very account there is a greater craving than there used to be for Cæsarism, for a strong man to take the lead. At all events, during the century which will shortly close there has always been one man who gave the word of command to Europe. First it was Bonaparte, then Metternich, then the Czar Nicholas, then Louis Napoleon, and, during the last twenty years, Bismarck. And now Bismarck has fallen (if fallen be not too strong a word to use) in a way which scarcely the keenest political observer would have prophesied a few years ago. So long as the old Emperor lived, Bismarck's position was secure. He sometimes threatened to resign, but his threats were simply regarded as the expression of a temporary sense of weariness or annoyance. It was felt, however, that when Frederick succeeded, his constitutional inclinations might render him less amenable to the Man of Blood and Iron. The strange thing is that the rupture took place, not during Frederick's short and melancholy reign, but during that of his son, the impetuous young William, an ardent admirer of his grandfathers ways, and the special pupil of Bismarck himself. The truth of the matter appears to be that William II, being wishful to govern as well as to reign, found that he could not manage it so long as his chief servant, who had been for years accustomed to "boss the show," remained in authority. The Emperor and the Prince were like the two goats meeting on the mountain path. Neither would give way, so one of the two was bound to go over the precipice. It was not the Emperor. Officialdom rejoiced at the catastrophe, for Prince Bismarck, like the late Mr. John Forster, was "a arbitrary cove," and such persons are not popular with their equals. But, on the other hand, it is evident from the warmth of the popular farewell that Bismarck's sterling worth has made him the idol of the mass of the German people.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO THE GERMAN EMPEROR

The Prince of Wales's stay at Berlin closed last Friday, 28th ult. The Prince spent the last day of his visit with the Empress Frederick, whom he accompanied to Potsdam to lay flowers on the Emperor Frederick's tomb in the Friedenskirche. Being still in such deep mourning, the Empress Frederick did not appear at any of the entertainments in honour of the Prince, but—as shown in our sketch—she attended the service in the Palace Chapel on Sunday week, in connection with the Coronation and *Ordensfest*. The Prince escorted his sister, who wore the chain of the Black Eagle. In another picture, the Prince is seen conducting the German Empress through the picture-galler to the State Concert, the Emperor leading Princess Frederick Charles. Next evening, the Imperial party and the British Princes were present at a gorgeous banquet at the British Embassy, held in the great dining-hall, where the Emperor was placed opposite a portrait of Queen Victoria. In honour of England, Emperor William wore his British Admiral's uniform, and took Lady Emyrtrude Malet in to dinner, while the Empress sat between the Prince of Wales and Prince George. Appropriately enough, the table was decorated solely with the English national flower, roses in every shade of crimson.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS STEEPELCHASE

"TWICE is a habit," says the adage. The House of Commons Steeplechase has therefore earned the right to be considered a hardy annual. A large company took advantage of the beautiful weather on Saturday to journey down to Rugby, near which a capital course had been selected. Lord Fielding acted as starter, and despatched the thirteen starters on their way. They were divided into two classes, the light-weights (12 st.) and heavy-weights. Mr. P. A. Muntz, who knew the country, generously handicapped himself by declaring 4½ st. overweight, and entering among the light-weights. Mr. A. E. Pease made strong running at the start on his Irish mare, Nora Creina, but she tired towards the end, and Mr. Elliott Lees, who rode with great judgment, brought his Damon with a rattle at the finish, and, for the second year in succession, placed the House of Commons Steeplechase to his credit. Mr. Cyril Flower, mindful of the disqualification of Home Rule, alias Sultan, last year, had named his mount No Name, but it finished nowhere. Mr. Long won the heavy-weight prize in spite of a bad fall at the start.

SCENE FROM THE FIRST PART OF "HENRY IV." AT THE LYCEUM

The representation of the first part of *King Henry IV.*, given by the Irving Amateur Dramatic Club at the LYCEUM on Saturday afternoon for the benefit of the Actors' Benevolent Fund, was interesting from more than one point of view. With the exception of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's recent revival of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Falstaff has been now for some twenty years banished from our stage; and Prince Henry, Mrs. Quickly, Hotspur, Gadshill, Bardolph, and Owen Glendower have been known only to readers, save and except those old playgoers who carry back their minds to the time of Macready and Phelps. The play, therefore, was well chosen; nor did the acting disappoint the expectations that were raised by the reputation of this distinguished society of amateurs. The force and colour which the professional player knows how to impart to his portrait were, no doubt, somewhat wanting; Mr. Littleton's Falstaff, admirably humorous though it was, would have been better if the actor's voice had been stronger and his method bolder, and a similar remark would apply to other leading performers; but taken altogether the performance was, for a troupe of unprofessional performers, a very remarkable one. It is to be noted that Mr. Webster, who began his studies of the stage as a member of this club, and played Prince Henry on this occasion, is now a very efficient member of Mr. Alexander's company at the AVENUE, where his performance in *Dr. Bill* contributes much to the success of that diverting piece. The singing of the Welsh song by Miss Eleanor Rees in the character of Lady Mortimer proved a very successful item in the entertainments, which are understood to have contributed a handsome sum to the funds of the excellent institution on whose behalf they were given.

"MADAME LEROUX"

A NEW serial story, by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by Percy Macquoid, is continued on page 393.

"MY FIRST SEASON,"

See page 396

THE GRAPHIC

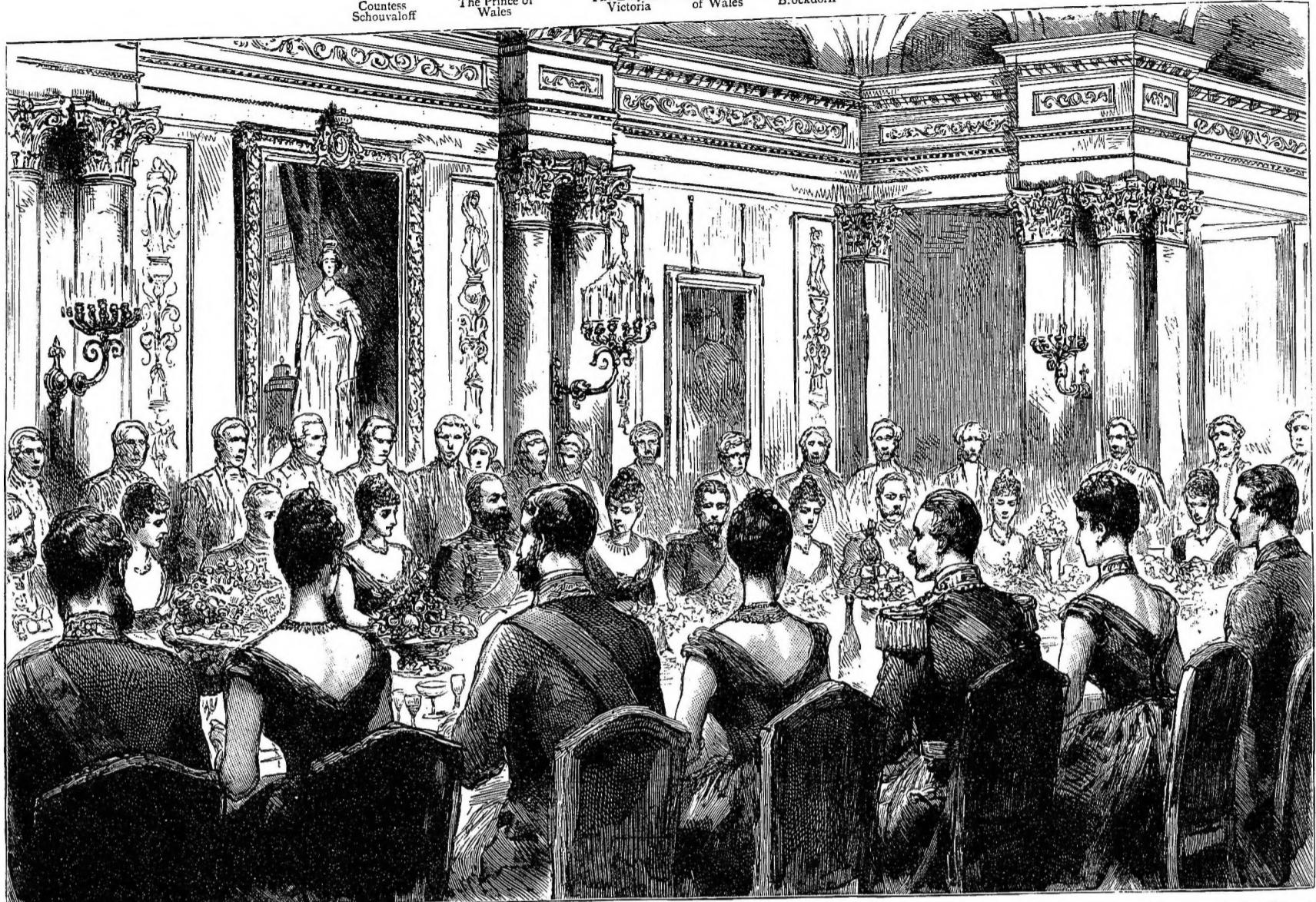
Countess Schouvaloff

The Prince of Wales

The Empress Victoria

Prince George of Wales

Countess Brockdorff



Sir Edward Malet

Countess Széchenyi

The Emperor

Lady Emyntre Malet Count Herbert Bismarck

THE BANQUET GIVEN BY SIR EDWARD AND LADY EMYNTRE MALET AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY



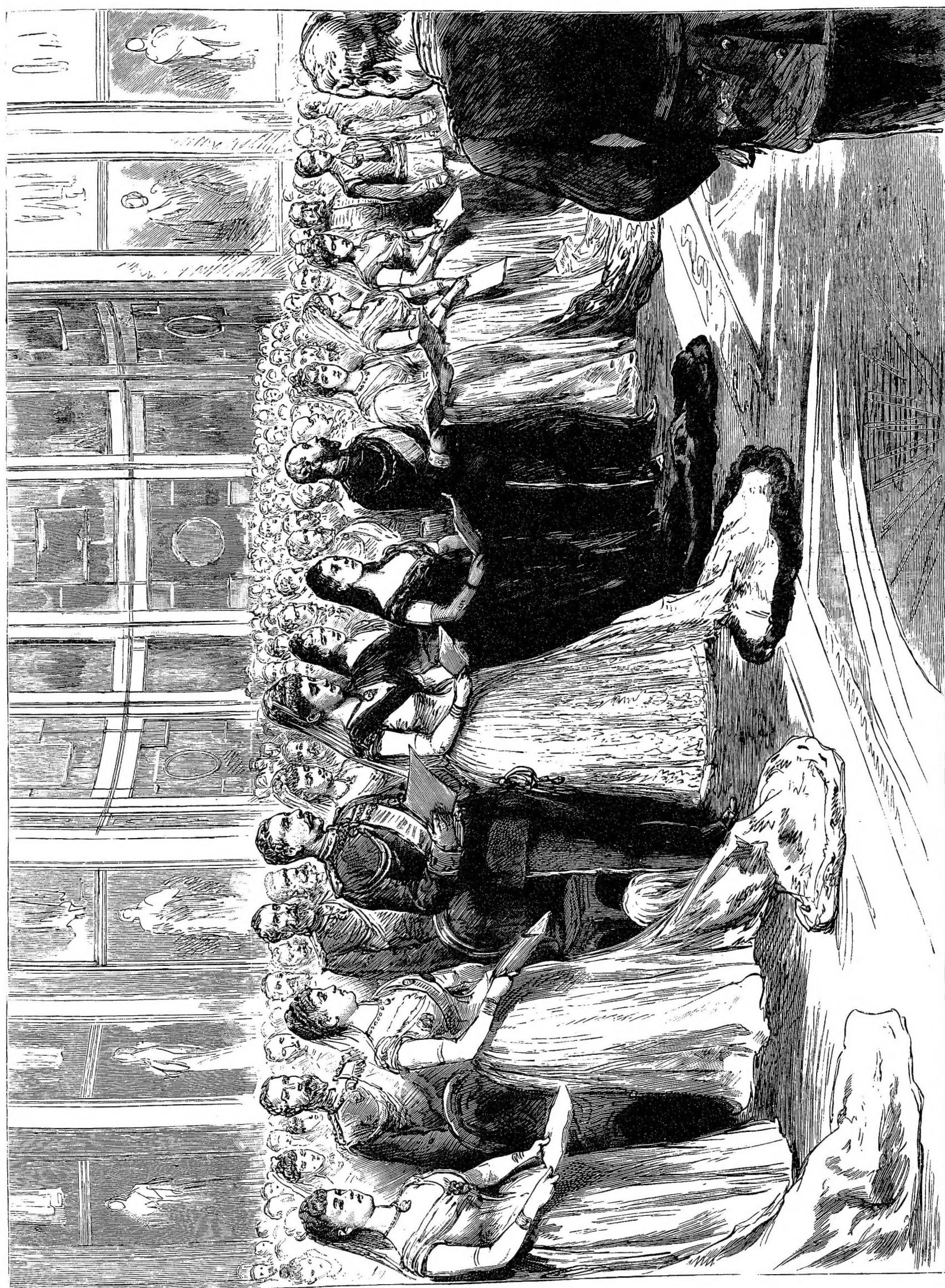
The Emperor and Princess Frederick Charles

The Empress

Prince of Wales

THE STATE CONCERT AT THE PALACE—THE ROYAL PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH THE PICTURE GALLERY

THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO THE GERMAN EMPEROR
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT BERLIN



The Emperor The Empress Victoria The Empress Frederick The Prince of Wales

THE RELIGIOUS SERVICE IN THE CHAPEL OF THE PALACE IN CONNECTION WITH THE ORDENFEST
THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO THE GERMAN EMPEROR
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT BERLIN

THE MOHURRUM FESTIVAL AT HYDERABAD,
DECCAN, INDIA

The word Mohurrum, or Muharram, means in Arabic unlawful, prohibited, and is given as the name of the first month of the Mussulman year, in which war was forbidden. To Europeans it is still better known as the name of the great Shiah mourning, which is held on the first ten days of this month, in commemoration of the death of Hussein, the third Imam, at Karbala, in the year of the Hegira 61. At this season Passion-plays are acted, representing the events of the fatal day: Hussein going forth to fight, his taking leave of his children, his sister's prediction of disaster, and finally the bringing home of his headless body. Processions are also made through the streets, when coffins or biers, made of light wood, covered with paper, and much ornamented, are carried about, as well as models of the Mausoleum of Hussein. Our page of engravings (from photographs by Mr. A. N. Templeton, 4, Dalhousie Square, Calcutta) depicts the celebration of the Mohurrum festival at Hyderabad, the metropolis of the Nizam's dominions. Among the subjects will be found the Nizam's standard heading the procession; the Kotwal, or chief police functionary, on an elephant; the Prime Minister, Sir Asman Jah, preceding a body of his own troops and followers; Revenue Collectors, mounted on horseback, with umbrellas held over them; and various other subjects.

THE METROPOLITAN MAGISTRATES

See page 395

"ANGELS WEEPING OVER THE DEAD CHRIST"

The original of this engraving is in the National Gallery, and was painted by Giovanni Francesco Barbieri (born 1591, died 1666), who was called Guercino, "the squinter," owing to an accident in early childhood which disfigured one of his eyes. He was self-taught, and was the son of humble parents, his father being a wood-carver, who agreed to pay for his boy's education by a load of grain and a vat of grapes delivered yearly. A simple-minded person would take this to be a very interesting and affecting picture, vividly recalling as it does the wondrous period which elapsed between the Crucifixion and the Resurrection; but Mr. J. A. Symonds sees in it "the hysterical, dogmatic, hypocritical, and sacerdotal Christianity of the age. It was not Christianity indeed, but Catholicism galvanised by terror into reactionary movement." Mr. Symonds must indeed be a clever fellow to deduce this elaborate theory from such a simple and pathetic little picture.

"TWO USURERS"

The composition of this picture at once recalls a work which is much better known, on account of the frequency with which it has been engraved, namely, "The Misers," by Quentin Matsys, and there is scarcely doubt that Marinus borrowed the idea from his predecessor. Marinus van Rorerswael (the second name indicates his place of birth) flourished between 1521 and 1560. He was also called the Zeelander. Of the two usurers represented, one is inserting items in a ledger, while the other is evidently bothered over some business transaction.

THE STANLEY AND AFRICAN EXHIBITION

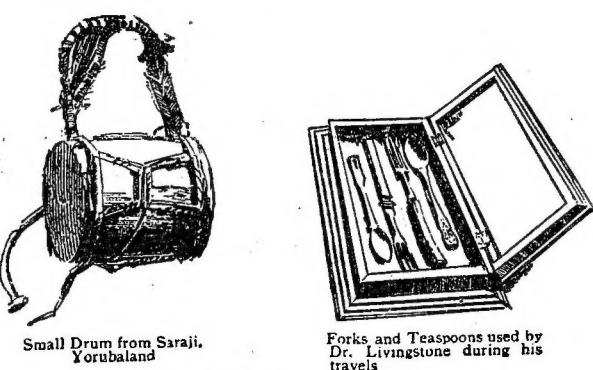
Now being held at the Victoria Gallery, Regent Street, is one of the most interesting shows ever held in London. By means of



Brass Marriage Bowl from the Nupe Territory

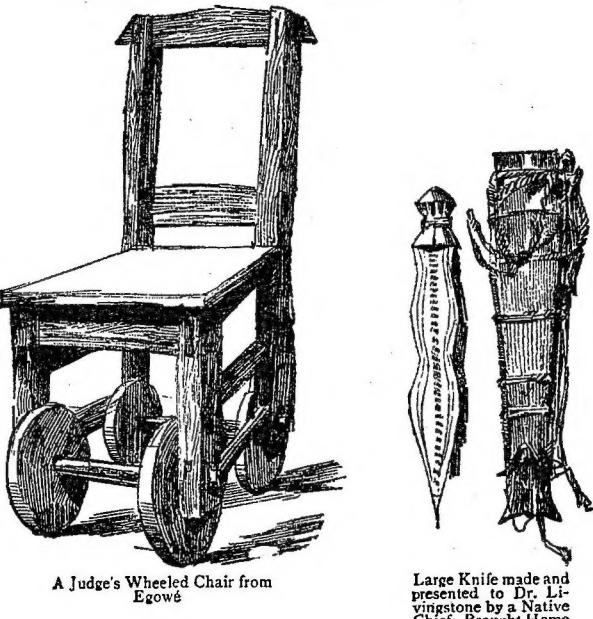
Pottery Jug from the Niger

Brass and Copper Waterpot, Nupe Territory



Small Drum from Saraji, Yorubaland

Forks and Teaspoons used by Dr. Livingstone during his travels



A Judge's Wheeled Chair from Egowe

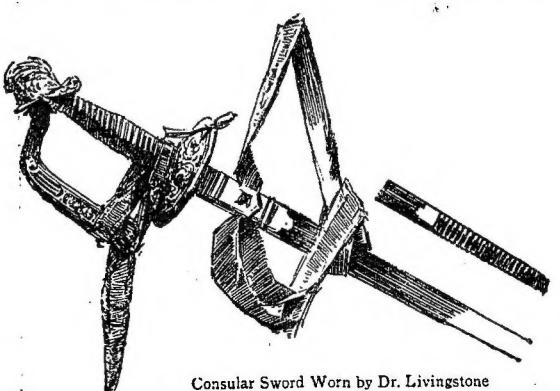
Large Knife made and presented to Dr. Livingstone by a Native Chief. Brought Home by Mr. Stanley

portraits, relics, maps, pictures, and curiosities of all sorts, the history of African exploration from the time of Ptolemy to that of Stanley, the "tragedy in Africa"—as it might be called in view of the many valuable lives which have been sacrificed there—is brought forcibly before the eye. The accompanying engravings show some of the most interesting exhibits.

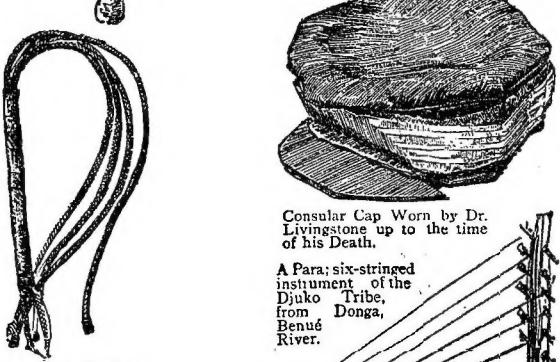


POLITICAL.—The polling for the Carnarvon Boroughs is fixed for the 10th inst. The candidates are Mr. Ellis Nanney (U) and Mr. Lloyd George (G), both of them residents of one of the boroughs, Criccieth. At the General Election of 1886 the late Mr. Swetenham (C) defeated, by a majority of 135, the same Gladstonian candidate, who in the preceding year defeated him by a majority of 65.—The question of allowing in certain cases votes at Parliamentary elections to be given by proxy cropped up rather unexpectedly during the proceedings at a banquet at Edgbaston, presided over by Mr. Chamberlain, and given in aid of the funds of the Commercial Travellers' Benevolent Institution. As commercial travellers are often necessarily absent at election-time from the localities where they are entitled to vote, one of the speakers seems to have complained of this virtual disfranchisement of a meritorious class of electors. Referring to the matter, Mr. Chamberlain remarked that the question of proxy-votes was a very large one. He himself had ventured to put forward a claim of the kind on behalf of soldiers and sailors. But as soon as you allow proxy-voting you may have personation which it is difficult to avert. If, however, there was one class to whom such votes might properly be given, undoubtedly the commercial travellers had the first claim.—At the annual meeting of the Walworth Conservative Club, Major Isaacs, M.P., who presided, made a personal statement, which was followed by the adoption of a resolution to the effect that those present recorded their appreciation of the support always given to the Conservative party by the member for Walworth, and pledged themselves to support him at the next General Election.

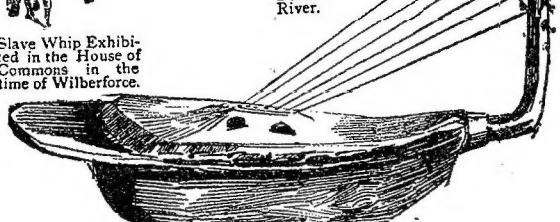
PROJECTED MEMORIALS.—The Lord Mayor, presiding at a meeting of the Committee of the Fund for providing a London Memorial of Lord Napier of Magdala, said that 3,700/- had been subscribed. This was exclusive of 1,000/- promised by "Z." on condition that an equestrian statue of Lord Napier should be erected. There was an impression—that, except in the case of the Duke of Wellington, equestrian statues of Royal personages only were permissible. But on communicating with the Prince of Wales, His Royal Highness had said that he did not see the slightest objection to the erection in London of an equestrian statue of Lord Napier, and consequently "Z." had confirmed his promise. Ultimately, the erection of such a statue, to be placed in the centre of the roadway between the Atheneum and United Service Clubs, was decided on, and also that Sir E. Boehm should be asked for what sum he would execute a *replica* of his equestrian statue of Lord Napier now at Calcutta, a model of which was exhibited at the meeting, and much admired. The appropriation of the remainder of the



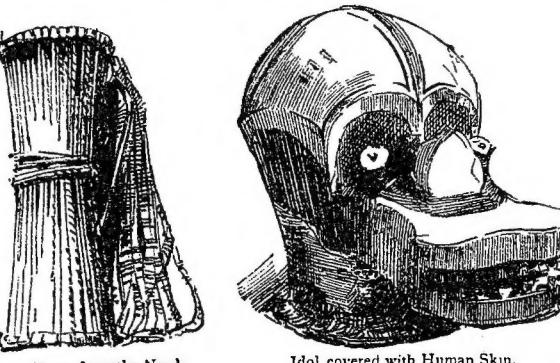
Consular Sword Worn by Dr. Livingstone



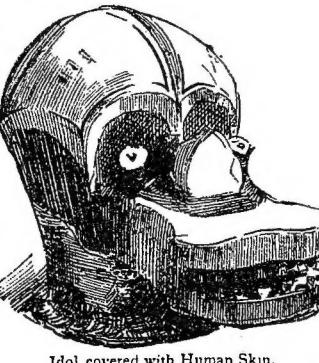
Consular Cap Worn by Dr. Livingstone up to the time of his death.



A Para; six-stringed instrument of the Djuko Tribe, from Donga, Benue River.



Slave Whip Exhibited in the House of Commons in the time of Wilberforce.



Idol covered with Human Skin. The three marks on the side of head show the tribe

fund is left open for the present.—A meeting of representatives of London Liberal and Radical Clubs, presided over by Lord Rosebery, have approved of the recommendation of a Committee that the proposed monument to the late Mr. J. F. B. Firth should be a marble bust of him, to be placed in the Council Chamber of the London County Council, with the endowment of a bed, to be named after him, in the Brompton Hospital. The estimated cost of the two projects is 800/-.

LABOUR AND STRIKES.—Sir John Lubbock, speaking at the annual meeting of the London Chamber of Commerce, of which he is President, pointed out that whereas the shipping statistics of the Port of London showed an increase of 30,000 tons in the second half, compared with the first half, of 1888, in the corresponding periods of 1889 there was a decrease of 40,000 tons, a fact, he said, mainly due to the recent dock strike.—The Liverpool dock-labourers and the local Employers' Association have come to an agreement based on mutual concessions, one of those made by the men being that non-Unionists are not to be molested.—More than 11,000 men in the London shoe and boot trade are out on strike. They are shoe-lasters and finishers, and their demand is that they, like the clickers and rough-stuff cutters, shall be provided with workshops. They maintain that the giving out of work to be done at home encourages the sweating system. Nearly 100 employers have conceded the demand, and in all such cases they are to be allowed adequate time for the erection of the necessary buildings.

THE SALOON PASSENGERS of the *City of Paris*, in gratitude for their escape, have contributed some 600/- to endow in a Liverpool hospital a bed to be called after the vessel. She is now lying, with stern very low in the water, a quarter of a mile south of Spike Island. Mr. Plimsoll, in a letter to the *Times*, attributes the preservation of the *City of Paris* to its fourteen transverse water-tight bulkheads, rendering it practically unsinkable. He complains that water-tight compartments in iron ships having been made compulsory by several Acts of Parliament, this obligation was silently swept away in 1862, as contrary to Free Trade principles. Lloyd's Register Committee, however, having become more and more exacting in their requirements as to bulkheads, much the greater portion of our iron ships now have them, but the *City of Paris* and the *City of New York* are alone in the possession of so many as fourteen.

AN ANONYMOUS donor presented to the Lord Mayor's Secretary, at the Mansion House, on Tuesday, 400/- in bank notes for the Llanerch Colliery Relief Fund, and 300/- for the Morfa Fund.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in her seventy-eighth year, of the Dowager Lady Armstrong; of Miss Emeline M. Kingdon, from 1864 to 1882 Lady Superintendent of the Royal School at Bath for Officers' Daughters; in his forty-third year, killed in action, in Upper Burmah, on the 23rd ult., of Major Frederick Gordon Cumming, the Cheshire Regiment, younger son of Sir William Gordon Cumming, second Baronet, of Altyre; in his eighty-eighth year, of Sir John Ogilvy, a highly-respected Forfarshire landowner, for sixty-one years, from 1828 to 1889, Convenor of his county, and from 1857 to 1874 M.P. for Dundee; in his seventy-seventh year, of General John Yorke, Colonel of the First Dragoons, in command of which, throughout the Crimean Campaign, he was severely wounded at the Battle of Balaclava; in his fifty-ninth year, of Major-General Cuthbert W. Burton, late of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, who served with distinction in China from 1854 to 1859; in his sixty-fifth year, of Admiral Charles Wake; in his eighty-second year, of Mr. Charles John Baker (son of the late Sir Robert Baker, Chief Police Magistrate), from 1848 to 1878 the able and successful Registrar of the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy, whose work, "Sydney and Melbourne," published after a visit to Australia in 1843, is now used in Australian schools as a text-book on early colonial history; and in his seventy-seventh year, of Mr. John Grubb Richardson, founder and head of the Bessbrook Spinning Company, well-known as a temperance reformer, and father of Mr. J. N. Richardson, formerly M.P. for County Armagh.



IN THE MATTER of the Cardiff Savings Bank, Mr. Justice Stirling has given an important decision, the penal character of which may have a beneficial effect on any neglectful or torpid trustees and managers of similar institutions. In 1886, it may be remembered, on the death of the actuary, a paid officer, of the Cardiff Bank, who throughout life enjoyed the respect and esteem of his fellow townsmen, it was discovered that he had fraudulently appropriated to his own use many thousands of pounds belonging to the depositors. Proceedings having been taken against a Mr. Davies, who was both a trustee and manager of the Bank, he has been pronounced liable for portion, to be determined on investigation, of the loss sustained by the depositors, some of whom refused to accept in settlement of all demands the 17s. or 17s. 6d. in the pound offered them. The decision against Mr. Davies was grounded on the judge's belief that he had been found to have knowingly allowed, among other acts of omission, a breach of the statutory rule that not less than two trustees or managers shall be present on every occasion when the public business of a savings bank is proceeded with, for the purpose of watching and checking all transactions of deposit and repayment. If this rule had been observed, many of the frauds could not have been perpetrated. To the plea that other trustees and managers had been as remiss as Mr. Davies, the judge replied that quite possibly at some future time they might be pronounced liable like himself.

"**IF** you are making your will, employ a competent solicitor," is the moral to be drawn from a case which has come before the Chancery Division. A Clerkenwell tripe-dresser, who died in 1862, left a large fortune and an elaborate will, filling ten closely-written brief-sheets, drawn up for him by a schoolmaster for the modest remuneration of ten shillings. So confused was this specimen of cheap will-making that its provisions have frequently been before the Courts during nearly a quarter of a century. Mr. Justice Chitty, in giving his decision on a number of questions arising on the document, said that before he had done with it his interpretation of the will would exceed in length the will itself. The testator or his draughtsman had gone blundering along in the happiest self-content, and had thus caused a large expenditure on law costs. Such a will was a cruel infliction on the Judge whose duty it was to construe it.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Petitions with many thousands of signatures have been received by the Home Secretary in favour of the commutation of the sentence of death passed on the two young men, Richard and John Davies, for the murder of their father. At the beginning of the week similar petitions had received 13,644 signatures in London alone.—Richard Nicklinson was charged at Ashby-de-la-Zouch with the murder of his brother-in-law, Mr. Samuel Haywood, fire-clay goods manufacturer at Moira, under circumstances referred to in this column last week. After hearing evidence the magistrates committed him for trial.—According to a just-issued Parliamentary return 1,585 persons in England, and 75 in Wales, have been fined, and in England 115 persons have been imprisoned, for non-compliance with the Vaccination Acts. In only one case did the imprisonment last beyond fourteen days.



I.

THE *Nineteenth Century* opens with two suggestive papers on the Labour Movement, the one entitled "A Multitude of Counsellors" by Mr. H. H. Champion, the other puts powerfully "The Case for an Eight Hours Day," and is by Mr. Murray Macdonald. Mr. Champion brings out his conception of the present social and political position in a conversation. Mr. Macdonald is inclined to set up an eight hours day for the *employés* in the works carried on by Railway and Tramway Companies, by Gas and Water Companies, and by Government and Local Authorities; and this for two reasons:—First, because taking these organisations together, the number of additional workers which an eight hours day would bring into employment would be so considerable as to diminish very materially the margin of unemployed labour, whilst at the same time it would tend, by lessening competition, to improve the condition of the labour world as a whole. Mr. Macdonald points out that the State already interferes in the conduct of all these works, that they all enjoy monopolies, and that, subject to certain conditions imposed by the State, they are all safeguarded against competition.—The Hon. Mr. Justice Pinson (of Newfoundland) deals with "French Fishery Claims in Newfoundland."—Mr. Herbert Spencer concludes his papers "On Justice," while opportunity articles are "Ireland, Then and Now," by Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., and "Prince Bismarck" by Sir Rowland Blennerhassett.

"King and Minister: a Midnight Conversation," in the *Contemporary*, is an attempt to body forth in dialogue the recent crisis in Berlin. The Monarch, amongst the rest, says: "There is a voice that tells us that the genius and courage of my House is in these impulses of mine, and they shall be pursued! Why, even where you see danger, I see safety—power! The Head and Hope of the peoples is the master of Europe!" "If I am not deceived," says the Prince, "then I dimly see before me a Napoleon of Anarchy." Altogether, the midnight conversation seems a little overstrained. Professor Boyd Dawkins gives all the data which go to show the vast economic importance that may attach to "The Discovery of Coal near Dover."—Professor A. V. Dicey asks, "Ought the Referendum to be Introduced into England?" He answers that the Referendum supplies, under the present state of things, the best, if not the only possible, check upon ill-considered alterations in the fundamental institutions of the country. Professor Dicey also contends that the Referendum tends to sever legislation from politics.—Besides, we have Mr. Hall Caine on "The New Watchwords of Fiction," Mr. David F. Schloss on "Industrial Co-Operation," Miss Julia Wedgwood on the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and the Chairman of the London School Board on "School Fees and Public Management."

The most striking feature in the *Universal Review* is "The Kreutzer Sonata," by Mr. E. J. Dillon. "The Kreutzer Sonata" is a title which Count Leo Tolstoi has borrowed from Beethoven for his latest unpublished work. A great deal has been written and spoken about this MS. in Europe and America; but we understand that here, for the first time, we have a correct account of what some enthusiasts hail as a supplementary Gospel admirably adapted to the needs of contemporary civilisation. The story opens and begins with the Scriptural text Matthew v. 28. The ideal consists in the gradual cleansing of sexual affection from the impure dross of animalism, till it finally merges into what the late Lawrence Oliphant would call *sympneumatic love*.—A prettily-illustrated travel paper is "A Trip to Japan," by Mr. Alfred East and Mr. Alfred Quilter; while "Problems of Greater Britain" are discussed by Mr. Frank Hill from the groundwork supplied by Sir Charles Dilke's book.

Scribner has for its frontispiece a charming engraving from a painting by Mr. J. R. Weguelin, to illustrate an Ode of Horace, Book I., 4. Other Horatian odes will be illustrated by the same artist in succeeding numbers.—An important series on "The Rights of the Citizen" is begun by Mr. F. W. Whitridge; while Mr. Joseph Wetzler makes an impartial statement of the stage of development reached by "The Electric Railway of To-Day."—In a beautifully-illustrated paper, "Tadmor in the Wilderness," Mr. Frederick Jones Bliss, of the well-known Syrian missionary family, tells of a journey from Damascus to Palmyra.

There are two interesting articles full of personal incident in *Temp's Bar*—"John Kenyon and His Friends" and "Bourrienne's Memoirs of Napoleon."—The short stories "Let Loose" and "My Great-Uncle's Double" are fairly-strong examples of the eerie and the pathetic in fiction.

Good Words for April will be much read because Mr. Gladstone begins in it a series of papers headed, "The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture." He gives away a good deal to modern criticism, but observes "as the lines and laws of duty at large remain unobscured, notwithstanding the imperfections everywhere diffused, so we may trust that sufficient light yet remains for us if duly followed whereby to establish the authority and sufficiency of Holy Scripture for its high moral and spiritual purposes."—There is also an instructive and generally excellent paper, "Socialism, its History," by Professor Flint.

There is an admirable military story of the Afghan frontier, "The Man Who Was," by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, in *Macmillan*. It is quite up to the level of this writer's best work.—On a difficult and much controverted problem, we have Sir Frederick Pollock with "Early Land Holding, and Modern Land Transfer." Simplification of our land laws is not in his opinion a strictly necessary condition of an effectual simplification of land transfer. There is no doubt, however, that the two kinds of reform may be expected to go together, and it may well be that the reform of substance, being more intelligible to the public at large, will go first. He is of opinion that our complicated settlements and varieties of estates in land, long terms of years, and so forth, cannot exist much longer.—There is a fine poem, "The World's Age," by Mr. Joseph Truman; while we have "In Classic Waters," by Rennell Rodd; "The Young Cavour," by Miss Godkin; and "Work Among the Country Poor," by the author of "A Real Working Man."

Cornhill is a very fair number. From "More Circuit Notes" we take the following quaint anecdote, which shows how odd a confession may escape an acquitted man—a *cri du cœur* that a few moments earlier would have effectually knotted the rope! The prisoner was being tried for murder, and the evidence against him was purely circumstantial. A hat found near the scene of the crime—an ordinary round black hat—was sworn to as the prisoner's. Counsel for the defence, of course, made much of the commonness of the hat. "You, gentlemen," he said to the jury, "no doubt each of you possess such a hat, of the most ordinary make and shape. Beware how you condemn a fellow-creature to a shameful death on such a piece of evidence," and so on. The man was acquitted, but just as he was leaving the dock, with the most touching humility and simplicity he pulled his hair and said, "If you please, my lord, way I 'ave my 'at'?"

In "Over the Teacups" in the April *Atlantic Monthly*, Dr. Holmes says of modern realism that its additions "to the territory of literature consist largely in swampy, malarious, ill-smelling patches of soil, which had previously been left to reptiles and vermin." And he goes on, "Leave the descriptions of the drains and cesspools to

the hygienic specialist, and the details of the laundry to the washerwoman."

Athletic men will be attracted to this month's *English Illustrated*, as in it "Rowing at Oxford" is dealt with by Mr. W. H. Grenfell, while Mr. R. C. Lehmann writes of "Rowing at Cambridge."—We have also an interesting paper on "Social Life in Bulgaria," while Miss Elizabeth Balch contributes one of her capital papers, "A Glimpse of Highclere Castle," and the Marchioness of Carmarthen a pleasant short story, "Morised."

Mr. W. H. Hudson contributes to *Longman* a most instructive paper on "Music and Dancing in Nature," full of curious anecdote, especially about birds.—We scarcely think Mr. Rudyard Kipling is at his best in "For One Night Only," which is certainly not up to the mark of his story in *Macmillan*.—Mr. Syratt does very well in this class of literary work with "That Dance at the Robsons."

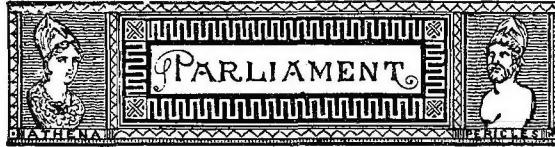
Lady Frederick Cavendish gives us in *Murray* a very pleasant account of a visit she paid to her brother at Kimberley. Her "Five Months in South Africa" offers in brief space a clear picture of a life very different to ours.—Mr. C. S. Loch's "Medical Relief in London" is a timely article in view of the Select Committee of the House of Lords which is to investigate the question.

In the *Century* Mr. George Kennan writes of "The Latest Siberian Tragedy." For ten months the whole Russian Press was silent as to the wholesale slaughter of educated men and women at Yakutsk, in Eastern Siberia. This well-known and accomplished writer is convinced that a butchery of almost Cawnpore horror was the direct result of official stupidity and brutality.

Mr. Frederick Dolman's subject in the *Woman's World* is "Mary Davies at Home," while Mrs. Stopek finds material for an agreeable illustrated article in "The Newhaven Fishwomen."

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* is a fine etching by Rajon of Sir Joshua Reynolds' painting of "Lord Heathfield." The feature of the magazine, however, is Mr. W. M. Rossetti's "Portraits of Robert Browning," which contains six illustrations.

An etching by Mr. James Dobie from Mr. E. A. Waterlow's "Wolf! Wolf!" forms the frontispiece of the *Art Journal*. Mr. William Anderson has a pleasant illustrated article on "Landscape Painting in Japan."



BOTH Houses met on Saturday, sitting for a few minutes to pass a formal stage of the Consolidated Fund Bill. The Commons met at ten o'clock in the morning, the first time the Speaker has been seen in the Chair at that hour since the epoch of all-night sittings. The arrangement was, however, an accidental recurrence to an ancient custom. When the House of Commons was growing into power in the time of the Stuarts, it regularly met at ten o'clock in the morning, adjourning about four in the afternoon. Gradually the hour grew later, till in recent times the hour at which proceedings used to be adjourned became that at which the House met.

The last few days before the prorogation for the Easter holidays were devoted to matter-of-fact work. When, a fortnight ago, Mr. Smith, questioned about business arrangements, said before holidays were enjoyed the House must read a first time the Irish Land Purchase Bill, pass the second reading of the Tithes Bill, and make things comfortable in Supply, he was regarded as indulging in one of his customary flights of sanguine fancy. But in the event his programme was precisely carried out, and the amount of work accomplished in these last days formed a tribute to his ability as Leader of the House. Mr. Smith does not coruscate as some Leaders have done; but he gets through a considerable amount of work with the least possible friction.

The second reading of the Tithes Bill was passed by a majority of 125 in an unexpectedly full House, 289 members remaining in town to vote for the Bill, whilst only 164 were mustered against it. It will probably turn out that, on some critical divisions in Committee, the Government will not find themselves backed up by anything like a repetition of this majority. There are various signs abroad of intention to take independent views on particular points. Mr. Gray, for example, whose action last year was principally operative in wrecking the chances of the Bill becoming law, intimated that, whilst he should vote for the second reading, he would endeavour, in Committee, to shape the Bill in closer accordance with his views. But sufficient to the day is the majority thereof, and there is no doubt that the majority of 125 on the second reading of the Tithes Bill has materially improved its prospects.

The sitting which saw this stage taken narrowly ran the risk of being wasted. Mr. Sexton, who remains on the Parliamentary scene, whilst Mr. Healy has quitted it, and Mr. Parnell mysteriously hovers around, found in a speech delivered by Sir William Marriott an opportunity of bringing himself *en évidence* as interim Leader of the Irish Party. Sir William Marriott, addressing a convivial meeting, had discussed the finding of the Judges on the Parnell case, and had declared his belief that, when the Report came to be examined in all its details, it would be found that, on the whole, the *Times* had substantiated all the principal charges brought against the Irish members. In this expression of opinion Mr. Sexton saw a breach of Privilege. But the Speaker ruled against him, stopping at the outset what might have proved a formidable debate. The speech, which probably not one in twenty of the members of the House had even heard of, was read at the table by the Clerk; Mr. Gladstone, to whom it was evidently new, listening with hand to ear. Having been thus read, it followed, as a matter of course, that it was entered on the journals of the House, a position of publicity and permanency which Mr. Sexton may or may not congratulate himself on having secured for it.

The attendance this week has been very small, divisions taken in Committee of Supply on Monday showing little more than 200 members still constant on duty. These were conditions usually favourable to rapidity with the votes; but expectation was not fully realised. On Monday a long discussion took place on the motion to go into Committee, Sir John Colomb bringing forward the case of the out-door officers in the Customs Department, which he urged sorely wanted inquiring into. Mr. Gladstone, who remained at his post to the last, delivered one of those masterly and genial speeches with which he sometimes illuminates side-issues apart from politics. He would not vote for the amendment, as it might be subject to misunderstanding, and would embarrass the Treasury. But he joined in the appeal for inquiry into the whole subject, and this Mr. Goschen undertook personally to conduct.

After this Mr. Pickersgill called attention to the circumstances attending the death of a prisoner in Strangeways Gaol, Manchester. Any question of prison-treatment naturally lapses into an Irish debate. The subject proved irresistible to Mr. Peter O'Brien, who told once more how he had been in prison often, and how he had fared. When at last the House got into Committee of Supply, the fascinating subject of the vote for the Royal Palaces brought up. Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Picton, the latter rested after the labours he had embarked upon in connection with leading the Opposition to the Tithes Bill. The discussion was so long that only three votes were taken, and at the morning sitting on Tuesday the House had again to buckle to at Supply. Ministers were on this occasion a little more fortunate, and went off for the Easter holidays with

the consciousness that, considering the late period at which the Session was opened, and the exceptional circumstances that have marked its progress, business, more especially Supply, is in a tolerably forward state.



THE TURF.—The bookmakers must have had a very bad time over the Grand National, for seldom has so hot a favourite been successful. There was a very large attendance at Aintree when the sixteen runners went to the post. Disasters began almost immediately, and in a very short time the chances of all but half-a-dozen were completely extinguished. *Ilex* never made a mistake, however, and won with the greatest ease. Mr. Masterman won a large sum by the success of his horse, and is said to have presented Arthur Nightingall, who rode him, with 1,000!. *Pan* was second, and M.P., as last year, third. Of the other races at Liverpool it is unnecessary to say much. Mr. Abington was in luck's way, as he won the Molyneux Stakes with Macuncas, and the Spring Cup with Father Confessor; the Fifteenth Union Jack Stakes fell to that staunch Unionist, the Duke of Westminster, with Orwell; Shillelagh won the Prince of Wales's Plate for Mr. Warren de la Rue; and Gamecock the Champion Steeplechase. The House of Commons Steeplechase is described among "Our Illustrations."

FOOTBALL.—The enormous crowd—estimated at 20,000—which assembled at the Oval on Saturday last to witness the final tie in the Association Cup competition were favoured with fairly fine weather, but not a particularly interesting match. The Blackburn Rovers were too good at every point of the game for Sheffield Wednesday. They scored within five minutes of the start, and eventually won by six goals to one—the heaviest margin ever recorded in the final. The winners (who had previously won the Cup in 1884-5-6) are a grand team, and fully deserved their success. We should like to see another match between them and Preston North End, the Champions of the League.

BILLIARDS.—Two interesting matches were decided in London last week. Roberts, who made a break of 506, ended his season in brilliant fashion by defeating Peall (who received 4,500 out of 12,000) in their spot-barred match; while Cook had to succumb to Coles, who was allowed to make thirty "spots" in a break.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A new sculler has come to the fore in Australia in John M'Lean, who last week defeated Neil Matterson on the Parramatta.—Messrs. E. Renshaw and H. S. Barlow met Messrs. G. W. Hillyard and H. S. Scrivener in the final tie for the Covered Courts' Four-Handed Lawn Tennis Championship at the Queen's Club on Saturday, when the last-named were successful.—At Chess, Cambridge narrowly defeated Oxford.

KING OSCAR OF SWEDEN, who is well known as an author, has turned his pen from poetical to military themes. He has just published a minute study of the Swedish army, based on his observations during the autumn manoeuvres.

THE EDINBURGH EXHIBITION is well forward in readiness for the opening on May 1st. It will be the largest provincial display ever held, the buildings spreading over eighty acres. The electrical and engineering sections promise to be especially complete, while many valuable pictures and art treasures have been collected together.

LONDON SLUM HOMES in their most realistic aspect will form a feature of the coming Health and Temperance Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall. The East Enders' garrets, the work-shops, and the "sweaters'" establishments are to be copied from actual existing types, and peopled with the workers themselves, to show in real earnest how the poor struggle in London.

"STEWED LILIES" have been introduced as an aesthetic dainty at a ladies' luncheon in New York. During the æsthetic mania of a few years since, devotees were content to feed on the fragrance of the lily, and did not descend to the practical method of actually eating it. However, the Americans also devour roses in a wonderful "rose-cake," which consists of layers of baked rose-petals alternating with jelly. Fresh rose-leaves are sprinkled over the top of the cake, which is shaped and coloured to represent the Queen of Flowers.

THE MUCH-DISCUSSED FRENCH PASSION PLAY, by M. de Harcourt, was to be read publicly at the Paris Cirque d'Hiver on Good Friday. Although the Censure would not allow the play to be performed in any theatre, to avoid wounding religious susceptibilities, the reading was to be carried out in the most dramatic style possible. Madame Sarah Bernhardt was to read the part of the Virgin Mary, clad in a flowing white robe; M. Philippe Garnier to deliver the words of the Saviour; and M. Brémont to take the rôle of Judas Iscariot. M. Lamoureux's orchestra provides appropriate sacred music.

THE MOVEMENT TO ESTABLISH AN INTERNATIONAL WORKMEN'S HOLIDAY on May 1st spreads throughout the Continent. At Berlin the workmen are hiring all the available beer-gardens and public rooms to keep the day with much ceremony; and the Socialists will take the opportunity for a grand manifestation to celebrate their late electoral victories. The Austrians, who originated the scheme, will make a monster demonstration in the Prater at Vienna; the Belgians are preparing to follow suit; and the Parisian workmen have adopted the idea with much enthusiasm, declaring that they will take the holiday at the risk of losing their situations if the Government and many private employers continue to refuse them permission.

BALZAC'S OLD HOUSE IN PARIS is being pulled down, the ground being thrown into the Baroness Salomon de Rothschild's adjoining property. The house stood at the corner of the Rues Berruyer, Balzac, and Faubourg St. Honoré, and was built originally by a rich financier, after whom it was christened the "Folie Beaujon." Balzac obtained the house in time for his marriage with the Countess Eve de Hanska, and furnished it most luxuriously, thanks to his wife's handsome fortune. But he only enjoyed his luxurious home for a brief period, dying in 1850, four months after his marriage. In later years his widow and son-in-law began to alter the house, but, through various troubles, never finished the work. No relics of the novelist were left in the rooms, save an old green-velvet armchair.

THE TERRIBLE AMERICAN CYCLONE of last week was seen descending on Louisville, Kentucky, by an observer on the other side of the river, who thus describes its appearance:—"The cloud approached through the gap in the hills below Louisville, through which the Ohio River flows. It was in the shape of a balloon, constantly rotating, and with an attenuated tail towards the earth. It emitted a constant fusillade of thunder and lightning, and seemed composed of a lurid, snake-like, whirling mass of electric currents, whose light was sometimes suddenly extinguished for a few seconds, leaving a terrible darkness. The cloud made a fearful roar. Passing through the gorge into the city, it moved with great rapidity and an awful rumbling sound, leaped across the river, changing the waters into white foam, and disappeared through Jeffersonville."



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS POINT-TO-POINT-STEEPLECHASE NEAR RUGBY
MR. ELLIOTT LEES WINS ON "DAMON"



SCENE FROM THE PERFORMANCE OF "HENRY IV., PART I.," BY THE IRVING DRAMATIC CLUB AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE
FALSTAFF (Mr. Augustus Littleton): "My sword hacked like a handsaw: ecce signum."—Act II., Sc. 4.



DRAWN BY PERCY MACQUOID

The next moment her eyes met his in the glass ; her face looked strangely ghastly.

"MADAME LEROUX"

"Too early seen unknown, and known too late." —ROMEO AND JULIET.

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLES," "AMONG ALIENS," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," "THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE," &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHATEVER cause Marie Hawkins had assigned for her friend's protracted absence, it had not, apparently, entered into her head to resent it ; and, being received with perfect cordiality, Madame Leroux enjoyed finding herself once more in that social atmosphere which was not painfully rarified by chilly principles and lofty aims, such as she detested with all her might. But she was resolved, nevertheless, to express her disapproval of Lucy's behaviour—partly because she thought Marie deserved a scolding for misleading her, and partly to prepare the way for getting rid of Miss Smith whenever that could be done without paying too dear for it.

Marie received her scolding with perfect temper, but, at the same time, with a certain mild, invincible persistence in her own opinion.

"You acted rashly, and without your usual discretion, *ma belle*, in taking her with you to the theatre under the circumstances," she said, with a smile and slightly raised eyebrows. And she stuck to her *refrain* through all Madame's fluent sarcasm and indignation against poor Lucy's "impertinence and ingratitude" with the unflinching insistence of some little brook whose murmur may be temporarily overpowered by a hail-storm, but which will be heard long after the pelting force has spent itself.

In response to a hint about the possibility of coming to some arrangement with Mr. Shard, inducing him to receive back a portion of the premium and break Lucy's engagement, Marie shook her head.

"I don't think he intends to trouble himself any more about her," she said. "She is not his own niece ; only a niece by marriage, I think. Anyhow, he does not think she has any further claim on him. That premium he considered to be her *dot* or portion to start her in the world. He told Adolphe so."

This coincided with the impression Madame Leroux had received from Mr. Shard's letter to Lucy, which she had seen. It crossed her mind that the position might be all the more manageable for not having to reckon with that "sharp practitioner." But she merely said, "I am not the only person, then, who finds the young lady a little too oppressive ? I daresay she has been in the habit of lecturing this poor uncle of hers, and explaining to him what was proper."

"Miss Smith was very nice while she was here, and she never lectured anybody," answered Marie, without the least heat.

Madame gave a little impatient laugh. "Since you find Miss Smith so charming, perhaps you would be willing to receive her back again," she said.

"Receive her ? Receive Miss Smith, do you say ? Charmed ! By all means !" exclaimed Mr. Hawkins, coming close up to the two ladies. He had only caught a word or two of the last sentences, and had no idea of the general drift of the conversation. But he was in a very expansive mood. A vision of "Millamint ; the British Tea ! " in big letters on every hoarding in London, was intoxicating him ; and intoxication of any sort always made him good-natured.

"*De grâce, Adolphe !* I beg you will not talk nonsense," interposed his wife, who was far from intending to commit herself to any Quixotic invitation without a previous guarantee for compensation ; either in the form of a weekly payment, or by some less direct method.

Madame Leroux understood it all very well, and smiled to herself ; but without any bitterness. This was a medium in which she was quite at her ease. It is not every fish that is happiest in the most crystalline water. She tapped Adolphus lightly on the arm, and said, good-temperedly, "Aha ! you will always be soft about a pair of *beaux yeux*. And the little simpleton is pretty beyond a doubt. But that is not so much of a compensation to us women who have to darn up what she raves out, and endure her self-righteous wrong-headedness, as you might imagine."

Mr. Hawkins smiled in a vague manner, and his thoughts were evidently far away. (He was beholding, with his mind's eye, a colossal coloured picture, representing a venerable grandmother, a stalwart father, a comely mother, two chubby children, and a seraphic baby in a cradle, all strikingly alike as to the complexion, grouped in a cottage parlour with a kettle steaming like a geyser, the tea-things on the table, and a large red canister conspicuously labelled "Millamint," which the whole family was fixedly contemplating with a tender and adoring smile.)

"What has your husband got into his head ? " asked Madame Leroux. "He looks as if he had found the philosopher's stone, or 'struck ile' ; which I should prefer, for my own part."

The prospects of British tea were explained to her with great fervour by Mr. Hawkins ; and the fact that Adolphe had really got some one with money to take the thing up was stated with quiet complacency by Mrs. Hawkins.

Caroline Leroux was accustomed to Mr. Hawkins's sanguine visions of fortune, and to seeing him watch his iridescent soap-bubbles with a confidence in their turning into precious globes of solid rock-crystal, which no experience had as yet been able to destroy.

But this time it was clear that he had the whole family with him. Even Marie's neutral scepticism was permeated with a little

flush of rose-coloured anticipations. And as to Fatima, she was frankly elated.

Poor Uncle Adolphe would have a chance now ; and it was high time he should have it ! Fatima had a confused idea that some compensation was due to Uncle Adolphe for the inexorableness with which the laws of the universe had hitherto been enforced against him. To be sure people who loved to croak, always harshly insisted that nothing could come of nothing. But Uncle Adolphe had tried to get something out of nothing so often ! It did seem very hard that he should not be able to succeed for once.

The only drawback to Fatima's delight in the flourishing prospects of British tea arose from the coldness with which Zephyany regarded them. Zephyany had neither money nor influence to help or hinder the scheme ; so his opinion about it was of no consequence to Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins. But it was of consequence to Fatima.

Zephyany had for years been an example of steady rectitude to her in the midst of a life whose principles partook of the nature of a dissolving view ; and what had been objectionable on Monday, when there was nothing to be got by it, was apt to melt into a quite different and defensible shape under the new light of Tuesday, when it was perceived to be profitable. It was not that Zephyany ever preached ; nor, indeed, had he any lofty creed which he could recite off-hand, and by which he consciously guided his life. He probably held no active belief which would have branded a lie as a very serious offence. But there was a quality of invincible sincerity in the man that made humbug odious to him, as certain persons are peculiarly sensitive to foul air.

Zephyany had been Fatima's friend and confidant ever since she was a child of fourteen, when he had first come to lodge with the Hawkins's. They had been at that time under a great pressure of money difficulties, and had been glad to receive his modest payment for the one room he occupied. Since then their fortunes had often fluctuated, and they had removed from one house to another. But whether their tendency were upward or downward, Zephyany had accompanied them in all their migrations during those six chequered years.

A singular kind of friendship had sprung up between him and the Hawkins's, which at first sight might have seemed a very unlikely consummation. But Zephyany was a man with considerable sensibility for the domestic affections ; and to his loneliness the family life was attractive, although the scene of it was scarcely more stable and permanent than a Tartar tent. But Home is, happily, a portable institution.

It was not probable that this mutual liking (for the Hawkins's, on their side, were attached to Zephyany, who had various qualities severally attractive to each member of the family); which had been growing and strengthening for six years, should be easily disturbed. Nevertheless, a threatening cloud had arisen at one moment.

Zephyany's friend, Mr. Rushmere, falsified Mr. Hawkins's favourable opinion of him by utterly refusing to give the support of his name to the British Tea Company. Neither would he invest sixpence in the shares. "I don't believe in the thing, my dear sir," he had said, quite simply. "The prospectus does not persuade me in the least. I may, of course, be wrong; but I don't believe in it." And he appeared to think this reason for not embarking in it final.

Marie had ventured to say, in her innocent voice, and with her forehead very smooth and candid, "But I thought that some companies were like the things on the Stock Exchange, don't you know—where nobody gets anything solid for his money in the form of silk, or diamonds, or hogsheads, or bales, but where bits of paper are worth less to-day and more to-morrow, like lottery tickets or the name of a racehorse. I can't express it very clearly, but I dare say you know what I mean."

"My dear lady, that kind of Association, professing to sell a desirable article, and only anxious to sell shares that turn into withered leaves for the deflated buyers, is simply a swindling transaction."

"No!" said Marie, clasping her hands prettily, and looking up at his worn brown face, with a faint blush spreading slowly over her own fair smooth one. "Then of course they are quite different from this tea company, because there is the article, and they only want to sell as much of it as they possibly can!"

"Of course," answered Mr. Rushmere. And the subject was dropped.

But it was a tremendous disappointment. And Adolphus Hawkins's strong revulsion of feeling made him inclined to quarrel with Zephyany, who surely might, had he chosen to be zealous, have induced his friend Rushmere to do something, even had it been but to invest a few hundreds—"a few paltry hundreds!"—said Hawkins, with that large disdain for sums expressible by three figures not unusual in a fervid speculator contemplating the investment of other people's money.

But Zephyany did not wait to be attacked. Soon after Mr. Rushmere's departure from London, he burst forth one day, with his loudest voice, and fiercest intensity of gaze, "What is this? What do you mean? You are angry! You are sullen! You look at me with reproach, and pretend to be cold and distant! For what?" Then, folding his arms, and changing to a low tone, and an articulation seeming to be ground out with some difficulty between his teeth, "I shall tell you. Because this Englishman—whom I only know through a letter from one of my kindred at Gibraltar, unseen by me for twenty-five years—has not chosen to risk his money on your potheads." Then, with a sudden explosive kind of shout—"This is a nonsense!" And falling into a lower key, but still speaking with glowing anger, he proceeded, "I say not that I approve your scheme. That matters nothing. But am I the dry nurse of Mr. Rushmere, to thrust it in his mouth with a spoon if I did approve it? He is not an infant, nor a fool. He can judge. He will do as seems good to him. If you must be angry and sullen—which is a nonsense—be angry with your Englishman. For me, I will not be ill-treated for a nonsense!"

It was quite impossible to carry on an ambushed warfare by means of inuendos, and nods, and becks, and offensively elaborate politeness with Zephyany. He could use sarcasm and irony, and join in a conversational war-dance, where those verbal weapons were employed alternately as spear and shield, and could make points and sallies, and wheel and turn with considerable agility and *gusto*—so long as it was all in mere sport; but the instant that he detected a seriously hostile intention, or that his own feelings were engaged, he was apt to lose patience, rush at the foe, pounce on him with breathless rapidity, and drag him forth by the scruff of the neck to fight out the combat in the open, where spears are spears, and spades are spades, and there are no half-lights.

This explosion very speedily cleared the atmosphere, and had the advantage of making it plain to Adolphus Hawkins—genuinely to his satisfaction, for smouldering ill-will was repugnant to his disposition—that he really had no grievance against Zephyany at all. Marie did not quite take this view, but she saw that the grievance lay in the very texture of Zephyany's character, which was beyond the power of any of them to alter, and she was not angry with him.

As to Mr. Rushmere, he was absent from London, and not expected to return shortly. It was, therefore, not necessary to re-adjust their opinion of him for immediate practical application to their behaviour; but it is certain that they neither of them dreamed of quarrelling with their new acquaintance. To know a man with thousands of pounds at his command had something of the effect for Adolphus that is produced on a dweller in a Southern city by the sound of fountains. It is delightful to be assured of so abundant a water-supply, even though one may not be suffering from immediate thirst.

But since the enlightened capitalist who had at length given Adolphus Hawkins a chance was not Mr. Rushmere, who was he? No other than Mr. Clampitt of Lamb's Conduit Street, the old gentleman who modestly concealed his services to fellow-citizens in distress under the allegorical figure of a Beneficent Pelican. This title had doubtless been chosen with reference to the legendary virtues of the pelican towards its young. But any one who had happened to witness—at Zoological Gardens, or elsewhere—the solemn voracity with which that large-beaked biped disposes of its fish, might possibly think the name more completely appropriate than had been intended.

Mr. Clampitt was niggardly and suspicious, but he was also insatiably covetous. There had been a recent brilliant example of what can be done by starting a company, if judiciously "promoted" and audaciously puffed. An association for the sale of coffee made of vegetable substance which certainly was not the coffee-bean was doing a great stroke of business with its shares, which were, indeed, still rising; and Mr. Hawkins's scheme of utilising *Calamintha officinalis* and *Achillea millefolium* appeared to come peculiarly *à propos*. Since it was possible to realise thousands by the mere announcement of coffee which was not coffee, why should it not be possible to engage the favour of the public for tea which was not tea?

Mr. Clampitt was tempted. But, although on entering into this speculation he remained as anonymous as in the Loan Society, he did not, as in that case, engross the whole of the business. For his justly-earned reputation—variously expressed by calling him a keen blade, a hard old file, a knowing card, or, with more solemnity of eulogium, a man who knew the value of money—drew several moneyed persons towards the undertaking, as a loadstone draws a needle. And, without as yet rivalling the plate-glass and mahogany establishment of the coffee which was not coffee, the shares of the tea which was not tea appeared to promise large profits—for those intelligent business persons who should know when to sell.

Madame Leroux might easily have had too much of this great theme if the Hawkins family had been the only talkers. But, besides Zephyany, several men dropped in after the old fashion in the course of the evening, and Madame's chair was soon surrounded. Hamilton Jersey, who came in late, did not make one of the admiring circle. He merely bowed, and had a smile flashed at him from a distance.

Jersey's inclination to flirt with Madame Leroux had been chiefly

THE GRAPHIC

stimulated by the fatuous airs of Frampton Fennell. When Fennell was not there, Jersey's ardour cooled down to a very temperate tepidity. And besides, of late, during Madame's withdrawal from the house in Great Portland Street, Jersey's affections had been in the house in Great Portland Street, Jersey's affections had been swinging back towards sweet-tempered little Fatima, whose figure, and foot, and hair would not easily be beaten; and whose admiration for the "Songs of the Tea-Kettle" discovered a basis of solid judgment under her simplicity of manner which outweighed a great deal of tinsel.

"Your flashy clever woman is always too clever or not clever enough," said Jersey to himself. "And she is never thoroughly appreciative."

It thus befel that there was no word exchanged between Jersey and Madame Leroux until the latter was just going away, when she asked for her cloak; for it had begun to rain, and the air outside the warm gas-lighted drawing-room was chilly. Jersey, happening to be nearest the door, ran down to the hall to fetch it for her.

When he returned she was standing opposite to the chimney-glass; and the rest, who had risen from their seats when she did, were grouped to the right and left of her. Jersey came behind her with the cloak; and, as he dropped it on to her shoulders, said, in a random way, to Mrs. Hawkins, "What's become of your Nabob—that rich fellow from India whom I met here? He's a great friend of the Sheik's, I know—Rushmere. What's become of Mr. Ralph Rushmere?"

A curious movement, that was neither a start nor a shudder, but rather like a great throb pulsing all through her body, shook the mantle off Caroline Leroux's shoulders, and it slipped in a heap on to the floor, while she put out her hand with a groping action, as though she were suddenly stricken blind.

The groping hand encountered an arm firmly stretched forth from behind her and clutched it. The arm was Zephyany's, and the next moment her eyes met his in the glass. Her face looked strangely ghastly, for the artificial colour stood out suddenly glaring on cheeks from which all the blood had receded, and her first instinctive movement was to rub her handkerchief roughly across her face so as to neutralise this effect.

The time which sufficed for all this to pass was measured by seconds. Jersey, still standing behind Madame Leroux, had stooped to pick up the fallen cloak, and it was not until he heard Zephyany's voice, saying, "You turned dizzy; sit down," that he was aware anything unusual had happened. Madame Leroux sat down on the chair which Zephyany had pushed close to her as he spoke, and there was a chorus of sympathising exclamations and inquiries.

"Yes," said she, panting a little, "I felt a sudden rush of dizziness; it's over now. I never fainted in my life, but that must be something like fainting, I fancy. I hope I am not becoming apoplectic."

She spoke with complete self-possession, and without the least exaggeration of manner.

"I had better get home," she said, after a short pause, during which she had sat quite still, with closed eyes, while Marie held a vinaigrette to her nose. Then she rose, nodded "good-night" all round, and, leaning on Jersey's arm, went slowly downstairs.

Zephyany had withdrawn into the background, and stood a little apart, near the piano, pressing his mouth on his clenched hand—a habitual attitude of his when meditating.

"I suppose it was the heat," said Marie, returning to the drawing-room, after having seen her friend into the brougham that was waiting for her. "This room does feel stuffy and oppressive on coming back into it."

"Yes," assented Zephyany; "it is close." But he knew it was not the heat which had sent that sickening rush of faintness over Caroline Leroux, for he had seen her face in the glass.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MANY possibilities of emotion may remain latent within us, and hidden even from ourselves. Caroline Leroux would certainly not have expected to feel that shock of mingled feelings which the sudden mention of Ralph Rushmere's name had produced in her. She had for years been uncertain whether he were living or dead. But if it had been possible for the question to present itself to her how she would be affected by hearing that he was alive and in England, she would have been sure that the tidings would leave her mind collected and her nerves calm.

But it had not been so. Nor was her agitation wholly due to surprise; for as she sat alone in her own room at midnight, hearing over and over again Jersey's careless words, a chill quiver ran through her at intervals, and her hands were cold.

"Bah! What queer machines we are!" she exclaimed, in a loud whisper, as she held out her hand before her, and perceived that it was visibly trembling.

Then she got up and walked once or twice across the room. But her limbs felt weak and tired, and she soon sat down again.

"I must have something to warm my blood," she said, to herself. "I must have some wine to get rid of this chill sensation."

But Fraulein Schulze had the housekeeping keys, and had been in bed hours ago; and Madame Leroux was not one of those women who keep a private store of stimulants. All at once she bethought her that the last time she was in Paris she had filled a small travelling flask with cognac, which had remained untouched during the homeward journey. After a little search she found her dressing-bag at the bottom of a wardrobe, and in it the flask nearly full. She poured out a small quantity of the liquid, and swallowed it undiluted.

"Ah—h—h!" she sighed, drawing a long breath, and giving a little shudder of satisfaction, as her blood began to circulate more regularly, and a feeling of comforting warmth stole into her hands and feet. Then, throwing herself into a luxuriously easy chair, she addressed her own image in the cheval-glass opposite, "Well, my friend, have you had enough for the present of making yourself a fool? Are you ready to behave like a woman with a little brains and resolution? *Voyons!*"

Then she set herself to think.

Rushmere alive and in London might mean no more for her than the existence of any other among the millions of fellow-creatures in that vast city. But Rushmere alive and in London, and rich—That might be different.

"I wonder how he got his riches," she thought. "Ralph Rushmere a rich man seems like a contradiction in terms. It wasn't in him to make money. Can he have inherited, after all?"

She sat musing, thrown back in the easy chair, her hands clasped behind her head, and an intent frown upon her brow. Did she wish to see Rushmere again? She was not sure what her choice might be if it were left perfectly free, but she was aware of an inward recoil at the thought of meeting him. However, her choice was probably not free. Since he frequented the Hawkins's house, she was exposed to being brought face to face with him unawares. And that she resolved, in any case, to avoid. If they were to meet she would be prepared.

"I'll write to Zephyany!" That was the first step she resolved on. "And," she added, after an instant's reflection, "I'll write to-night. To-morrow I might begin to hesitate, and think it out all over again. But that would only be from some hitch in the machinery." And she looked at herself in the glass with a strange mocking smile. "Now I am clear, and the wheels and springs are going smoothly. I'll write to Zephyany."

She went at once to a dainty little davenport which stood in a

corner of the room, and wrote in French, with her usual steady, minute, foreign handwriting.

"I desire to say a word to you. It would be very amiable if you would come here to-morrow between five and six. That is the best hour for me. But I shall stay at home all day, and will give orders that M. le Professeur Zephyany is to be admitted whenever he calls."

"C. LEROUX."

"I think," she said, as she lay down in her bed, "that I shall sleep to-night without chloral." And she did.

She had said confidently in her note that she would remain at home the whole of the following day. But before she left her room the next morning a summons came which frustrated that intention.

A letter was brought to her, with an urgent demand for an immediate answer. The messenger was waiting; and the messenger was no other than the old Savoyarde Jeanne, who had acted as caretaker during the holidays. Madame Leroux dismissed the maid who had brought her the letter, before opening it. But in less than two minutes the bell was sharply rung, and Madame, standing with her back to the servant, in her white *peignoir*, and with her hair hanging down, ordered the messenger to be sent upstairs at once.

"What is it?" she asked, in a quick peremptory voice, as soon as the old woman had entered and shut the door behind her.

"Monsieur wants money," answered Jeanne, with perfect composure.

"Wants money! Very likely; but is that a reason for disturbing and startling me at this hour?" answered Madame. But she was obviously relieved from a vague fear of something worse.

"I know nothing," said the old woman, with a shrug. "My son thought I had better come to you, or else they will turn him out of his lodgings."

"Turn him out of his lodgings? Let them," exclaimed Madame, with a little stamp of her foot.

"He's ill. He has one of his attacks. My son thought he ought not to be moved. But I know nothing. It is not my business," said Jeanne, in a hard, grumbling tone.

Caroline wrung her hands, and walked two or three paces across the room. Then she stopped short, and said with an effort, "I must go myself. You have a cab here?"

"Yes; my son said it would be quicker, and he was sure you would pay."

Fraulein Schulze was sent for, and while Madame rapidly dressed herself for going out, she told the Fraulein that she was suddenly called away to attend on a sick friend. "A foreigner who can speak scarcely any English," said Madame, hurriedly tying on her bonnet. "I cannot leave the case entirely to strangers. I shall return as soon as possible—directly I have put things *en train*. But I cannot name any hour. You can tell them all in the school why I am obliged to be absent. It will be better to do so."

Fraulein Schulze did not detain her by any inconvenient demonstrations of sympathy or anxiety; and Madame hastened downstairs with a quick, firm step, leaving old Jeanne to follow, slow and sour-faced as ever.

It was past four o'clock in the afternoon before the mistress of Dour House returned to it. The first words she said on entering the house, were "Has any one called to ask for me?"

The servant's answer was in the negative. "He will be here between five and six then," she said to herself. Only a few minutes previously, on her way home, she had remembered that Zephyany might possibly have called in her absence.

She looked white and weary; and she caught a side light on her face in the glass as she removed her bonnet that startled her with a vision of a haggard line round her mouth. She sank into a seat, and covered her eyes with her clasped hands. The summons that morning had been a severe strain upon her. Etienne had plunged himself into debt as deeply as he had found it possible to do. And on being urged to pay his rent, a furious fit of anger had brought on a violent attack of coughing, accompanied by spitting of blood, from which he had suffered more than ever of late.

Old Jeanne's son, Louis Montondon, who kept an eating-house in Soho, which Monsieur Leroux patronised, had been sent for by the lodging-house people, as being the only acquaintance of their lodger accessible to them; and Louis had at once despatched his mother to Madame Leroux, as we have seen. Whether the Montondons knew Etienne and Caroline to be husband and wife, or whether they suspected that there was a less avowable tie between them, they troubled themselves to make no inquiries. They understood that Madame desired discretion from them, and that it would be made worth their while to be discreet. So long as Monsieur's score was paid at the eating-house, and Madame gave Jeanne periodical employment during the holidays, they were quite content with their patrons. And gradually Louis Montondon had come to be on something like confidential terms with them both.

"He is better. He will get over it. The doctor says he may live for years, with care. But he must be tranquil, and have no undue excitement. An excellent prescription. Tranquillity and the absence of undue excitement for Etienne Leroux! Why did not the wise physician add that he must find two new sovereigns in his stockings every morning? But I must contrive some means to limit his expenditure, or it will be downright ruin. There's no use in trying to fight off the truth. Money was running very short already. And now this new outbreak—! If he takes to gambling, in addition to all the rest—! I must think; I must think!"

Caroline smoothed back the hair from her forehead with both hands, pressing them hard against her temples, as though the action had some coercive power over her thoughts.

After a while she rang her bell and ordered a warm bath to be prepared; and, having bathed, she made a long and elaborate toilet with locked doors.

When, about a quarter-past five o'clock, Professor Zephyany was ushered into Madame's private sitting-room, he thought he had never seen her look so attractively handsome. She was somewhat paler than usual, but her eyes were full of a soft brilliancy beneath their pencilled brows and dark lashes, and the curly tendrils of her hair were disposed with a charming, careless-seeming grace. She wore a dark-grey dress of some soft rich silken fabric, and there were jewels on the white hands that peeped out from beneath lace ruffles. She watched Zephyany's face at the moment he entered, and was satisfied by its expression that she was looking well. And let it be understood that Madame Leroux had no design against Zephyany's peace of mind. She was simply making him a test of the impression she might hope to produce on some one else.

"Thank you for coming," she said, holding out her hand. He bowed over it, and hoped she had quite recovered from last night's indisposition; and then he sat down and waited for her to speak.

"You were announced as Professor Zephyany," she said. "That is what I wished; I do not receive many male visitors, as you may suppose—but a professor one may always see on business."

"I understand that from the wording of your note," he answered, with a quick flash of intelligence.

"Ah, what a comfort to deal with a man like you! You don't want everything explained three times over, and then misunderstand it at the end. You are not dull of comprehension."

"I am not," assented Zephyany, with emphatic conviction.

"And since you are not, you perceived that it was the sudden mention of a name which upset me last night."

Zephyany bent his head with grave friendliness. This candour conciliated him.

"And I want you to tell me all about the owner of that name, whom I have not seen or heard of for years."



FLOURISH OF TRUMPETS. Curtain rises. Enter, *en grande toilette*, the Lady Gwendolyn Hawthorne.

For you must know that the plunge is over. I've done it—I mean I've *come out*—and, do you know, I like it! And what is more surprising still is that mamma likes it. You know how she talked about the sacrifice she was making for "darling Gwenda's sake"—how she was giving up all her occupations, and leaving Hawthorne for so long at her time of life. But Maude and Gracie say she exerts herself for me much more than she ever did for them. They really seem quite annoyed about it. Well, I do think that in one's first season one ought to do as much as ever one can; and you would never believe how many things one *can* get through in a day, even though one doesn't get up at cockcrow. And, no doubt, it is very good for me, as Gracie says my colour is quite preposterous, and that I look a perfect country bumpkin. Perhaps dissipation will improve me. You never went to three parties in one night, did you, Miss Wisdom? And *Monsieur votre père* will disapprove of such frivolity, and will say that I had much better be riding Daisy on the common and teaching in his Sunday School than devoting myself to those amusements which, as old Mrs. Bennett says—rather profanely, I think, don't you?—befit that station of life, &c.

But all this time I'm sure you are dying to hear about my first ball. Well, I came out at the Bürger's last Tuesday week. Mamma was quite shocked at first to hear that any one knew them, because you know he's a Jew money-lender; and they say Mrs. Bürger's father was a golden dustman—I'm sure I don't know what it means—and she drops her h's; but though you might not like that in the country, in London it doesn't matter in the least. The Duchess of Dashshire has taken them up, too, and their dance was to be the success of the season, every one was going; and of course you see nothing of the host and hostess in a big crush like that.

Gracie arranged my frock—oh, such a frock! as simple as possible, but quite, quite delicious—all white silk and tulle, with sprays of hawthorn in front and in my hair, and long trails down the skirt. Célestine did my hair divinely, and I really did think when I looked in the glass—Well, just then mamma came in (she had sent up to me three times before), and said the

horses had been waiting an hour and a-half, and papa positively ordered me to come down.

So, as I was really quite ready, I came down; and I went straight up to papa and made him a little curtsey. Some people are afraid of papa because he looks so fierce, but he is not really grumpy, only poetical. So he took me by the shoulders (I believe he crushed my bows) and stared at me, and said:—

"H'm! I rather think the last bud is the best of the cluster, after all. Go along, and be a good girl."

When we got there, there *was* a crush, and heaps of people still arriving. Mrs. Bürger was standing at the top of the stairs, looking as if the photographer had just said, "Now try and look pleasant." She was blazing with diamonds, like a chandelier, and I heard some rude person say, "Old Lady Midas would have looked better with less illumination." I didn't feel a bit inclined to dance in such a crowd. But then some one came up and said, "May I have the *pleash-ah*?" And I said, "Yes," because I couldn't think of anything else to say. Then a quantity of young men were introduced to me, and they all looked just the same, and they all asked if they might have the *pleash-ah*. When I had danced with one or two of them once or twice, I began to sort them out little; and of course there were differences when you came to look into them. Some of them didn't wear eye-glasses, and some had no moustaches. But they all said, "Did you go to Barnum's?" and "Have you had the influenza?" so that at last I very nearly said, "I can't talk about either of the two things you're going to ask me, because I didn't go to Barnum's, and I'm not, I hope, going to have the influenza!"

One—who looked and talked rather like a big, jolly schoolboy—told me he found it just as difficult to remember the girls he was introduced to.

"Sometimes I make a note of the colour of their dresses, you know," he said; "but when it comes to white—why, half the girls in the room have got on white dresses exactly like yours!"

Poor me! But I hid my feelings, and said, "Well, what do you do then?"

"Oh, then," said he, "I—I just put down anything I can think of," and he got very red, and said, "Shall we have another turn now?"

But I would not be put off, and I said, "I wish you would show me your programme!"

He got still redder, and pretended to look for it, and said, "Pon my word, I would, you know, but I think I must have lost it!"

"Oh, no, you haven't," said I; "here it is!"—for I had seen him throw it under the seat, and I fished it out by the little pink pencil, and said, "Now, of course, you don't mind my looking at it?"

And this was the list of his partners:—1. The Cassowary. 2. Dot-and-go-one. 3. The Outsider. 4. Crock in Green. 5. Ditto in Blue. 6. Innocentia."

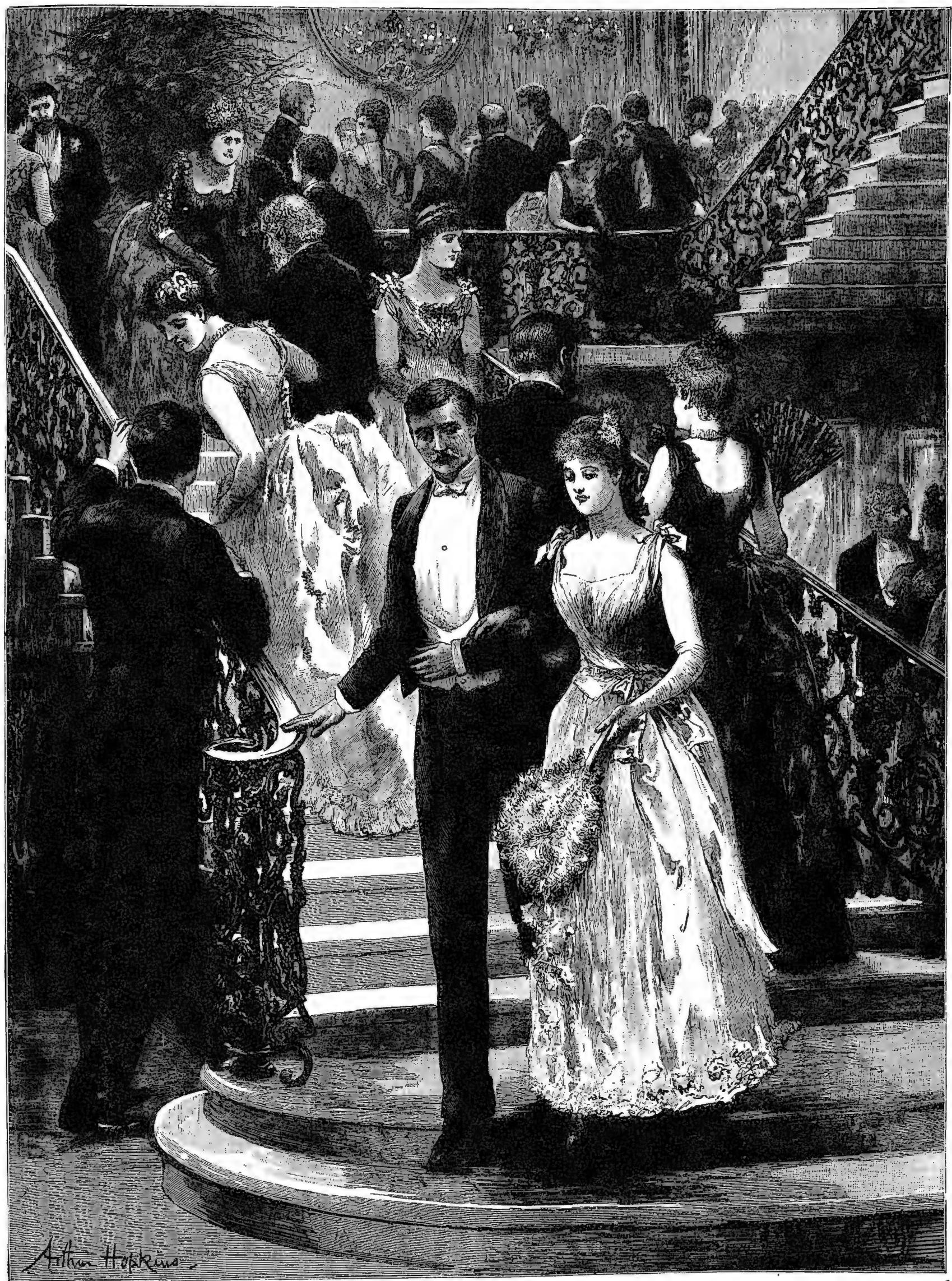
"6. Innocentia," said I; "why that's me, of course. But what makes you call me that?"

Poor fellow! he made the most abject apologies; but I told him I really didn't mind, and I gave him another dance to show there was no ill-feeling.

I don't remember anything particular about any one else except a man I danced with nearly the last. He was less like the other



"CÉLESTINE DID MY HAIR DIVINELY"



GOING DOWN TO SUPPER

"MY FIRST BALL"

Arthur Hopkins

young men than all the other young men were, and I'm not sure that I liked him. He didn't pay me a single compliment, and he never mentioned Barnum. At first he talked to me exactly as if I were not grown up, but afterwards we had a most interesting conversation, for he was rather clever, though he was such a cool hand. He could not waltz a bit, so we sat in the conservatory—which was quite like Fairyland—and I was surprised to find how much I knew about books and that kind of thing, you know; but then one is never appreciated at home. I told him how much I wanted to meet some celebrated authors, and he burst out laughing, rather rudely, and said he thought that with any luck I probably should, as he understood there were a good many about just now. Then I found that he knows Maude, and he was beginning to tell me of some interesting people I should meet at her house, when a horrid little man came up, and I had to go and dance those abominable Lancers.

When we were coming home in the carriage, mamma was quite brisk, though the milkmen and sweeps were about.

"I need not ask whether you enjoyed yourself, dear," she said. "And I was so glad, Gwenda, to see you getting on so well with Lord Lakes, a most charming young man. You are sure to meet him a great deal this season, and his mother is one of my dearest friends."

(Mamma has so many "dearest friends!")

"Oh, was that Lord Lakes?" said I, for I did not remember their names, and could not read a word on my programme.

"He will be at Maude's dance to-morrow," said mamma.

One does not sleep well after a ball—especially one's first ball, because the music runs in your head, and you have so many things to think about; so I was up early, and went for a ride in Row. The first person I met was Lord Lakes.

"Ah, Lady Gwendolyn," said he, "I see you take an early ride before settling to the day's work—so do I. There's nothing like it for the complexion."

"I shouldn't think you had much work to do," said I, for you know he has got about twenty castles and estates.

"Well, it's not of course of the same serious nature as yours," he said, "but, frivolous as my avocations are, they serve for pot-boiling purposes." (Did you ever hear such a way of talking? He's the very oddest man I ever met, and I never know whether he is joking or serious, which is so hateful; I think.) He asked me before he went if I could give him two dances at Maude's this evening, and I said yes, as I knew mamma would be pleased.

M. A. B.



PRINCE BISMARCK's exit from official life in GERMANY aroused a remarkable display of popular affection at Berlin on Saturday. If Government circles feel some relief at his departure, the German people are not ungrateful to the maker of their national unity. Crowds thronged the Berlin streets for hours before the Prince left for Friedrichsruh, not merely ordinary sight-seers, but ladies and members of the upper classes, who cheered enthusiastically, and threw flowers to the Prince as he drove to the railway with Count Herbert, the carriage being so blocked that it could only move at walking pace. Indeed, the Prince could hardly alight at the station, and was fairly borne on to the platform, where all his fellow-Ministers were waiting, together with the whole Diplomatic Body, innumerable friends, and a guard of honour sent by the Emperor, a tribute usually reserved for Royalty alone. Prince Bismarck was deeply moved as he waved farewell from the railway carriage, the crowd struggling to kiss his hand, crying, "Come back, we shall see you again," and finally breaking into the patriotic "Wacht am Rhein." Many people went with the train to Spandau, where similar scenes took place, and the greeting was repeated all along the road to Friedrichsruh. There a fresh enthusiastic reception awaited the Prince, and the inhabitants escorted him home with torches. Monday night being the eve of the Prince's seventy-fifth birthday, a torchlight procession of 5,000 Hamburgers, of all shades of political opinion, defiled before the Schloss at Friedrichsruh, much to the Prince's delight. He made a brief speech to the demonstrators, saying, "When one has been Minister-President for twenty-eight years, one makes many enemies. I am the more surprised, therefore, to see so many friends here." The Prince's birthday was marked by innumerable tributes of esteem from all parts of the country, and the only jarring note was struck by the Berlin Press in reviving the dispute over the causes of the ex-Chancellor's retirement. Rumour declares that several of the minor German Sovereigns have become very cool towards the Emperor in consequence, while foreign comments show plainly that Germany's neighbours regard the situation with considerable anxiety. General satisfaction is felt, however, at the appointment of Herr von Marschall Bieberstein to succeed Count Herbert Bismarck as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Herr von Alvensleben having declined the post definitely, on account of his age and health. Herr von Bieberstein is a genial personage, but will not wield such influence as his predecessor, for the new Chancellor will attend personally to much of the work formerly left to Count Herbert.

The Labour Conference has dispersed, after accomplishing much good and useful work. Although the resolutions of the Conference do not bind any of the countries concerned, they are likely to lead to legislation which will bring the condition of Continental working-men into more uniform circumstances. As mentioned last week, England has served as pattern in many points, and will profit by foreign labour competing with her under fairer conditions. When closing the gathering, Baron von Berlepsch, the President, spoke most hopefully of the results of the Conference, his sentiments being echoed by Sir John Gorst, the British plenipotentiary. The Emperor entertained the chief delegates at supper in the evening, and was most cordial and conversational, paying especial honour to M. Jules Simon. Yet whilst plans for improving the condition of the working-classes have thus been discussed with such ceremony, the workmen themselves are more discontented than ever. Colliery and timber-strikes occur on all sides throughout GERMANY; many trades are striking throughout AUSTRIA, notably the journeymen masons in Vienna; while SPAIN is seriously disturbed by labour-troubles in Catalonia, so that nearly all the factories are closed.

FRANCE will enjoy a long Easter recess, as Parliament has adjourned till May 6th. The Boulangists in the Chamber created a mild scene by objecting to such lengthy holidays, on the score that the House had done little work hitherto, while the Socialists tried unsuccessfully to induce M. Constant to promise a Government holiday on May 1st for the proposed working-men's demonstration. But the Home Minister objects to demonstrations, and refused the May holiday as decidedly as he crushed the manifestation of the Paris butchers and leather-dressers on Sunday. Five thousand butchers had arranged to demonstrate against the prohibition to import live cattle, but the police blocked the procession till it melted away, and only a small deputation succeeded in interviewing the Municipal Council and the Minister of Agriculture. The Government have promised to bring live sheep from Algeria a fortnight sooner than usual, but will not permit live stock from Germany and Austria to enter while the cattle disease still prevails on the frontier.

PARIS is crowded for the holidays, and the Boulevards are gay with the Ham and the Gingerbread Fairs.

THE elections in PORTUGAL have resulted in a strong Government majority, in spite of Lisbon giving four out of her six seats to the Opposition. The Republicans and Progressists in the capital coalesced against the African explorers or "Government candidates," so that only Major Serpa Pinto and Senhor Alvaro Castellos were elected. Altogether, the late popular excitement over African affairs has subsided, although the Lisbon journals tried to revive interest by publishing a declaration from the Makololo, expressing their regret at having rebelled against Portugal through the instigation of Mr. Moir, of the African Lakes Company, and the commander of the steamer *Lake Nyassa*.

Prince Albert Victor's tour in INDIA, just concluded, has given general satisfaction, both to the Prince and to his numerous hosts. On leaving Bombay, the Prince spoke enthusiastically of the loyal welcome accorded him throughout, due to the patriotic love for the Queen-Empress and his father, adding that he should always remember India as a pleasant and happy country, "by reason of the enterprise of her merchants, the honour of her civil servants, and the devotion of her soldiers and volunteers." In BURMA the Tsawbwa of Thebaw has mysteriously left his territory, and is supposed to be coming to England to complain that he is not allowed to work his own forests. He is the most powerful Northern Shan chief, and has been greatly courted as a warm supporter of British rule.

This winter has been fruitful of disasters in the UNITED STATES; but the cyclone which has devastated the Ohio valley is the crowning catastrophe. With scarcely a moment's warning, the tornado swept through the valley from Cairo to Cincinnati, wrecking everything in its path, and causing wide-spread loss of human life and destruction of property. Louisville, in Kentucky, was the very centre of the storm, which cut right through the city for a distance of three miles. Substantial buildings collapsed like the lighter structures; one railway-station was carried bodily from its foundations into the river; the City Hall, crowded with people attending meetings, was blown down; and the important tobacco manufacturing quarter was laid in ruins. Many inhabitants were buried in their houses; while, to make the scene more terrible, fires broke out among the ruins, so that many who could not be extricated in time were burnt alive. Happily the first estimate of destruction was exaggerated; but nearly two hundred people perished, to say nothing of those injured. Rescue-parties worked indefatigably, and business has been resumed already, after the inhabitants had devoted Sunday to general mourning and burying their dead. Metropolis, in Illinois, and Jefferson, in Indiana, also suffered severely, and all along the track of the cyclone towns and villages were injured, farms ruined, trees torn up, boats wrecked, and trains blown off the line. Heavy rains followed, producing fresh floods throughout Louisiana and the Mississippi valley, and further breaks in the *levées*, till several small towns are surrounded by water. It is feared, indeed, that the waters will not subside in time for the cotton crop to be planted. The cyclone began in Nebraska, and, after travelling downwards to the Ohio, moved north-east over New York to the Atlantic, its influence extending over a width of 1,500 miles. This disaster has so absorbed public attention that little interest is felt in Mr. Blaine's proposal to the Pan-American Conference to establish Free Trade with the Argentine Republic—thus admitting Argentine wool, which competes largely with the domestic American product.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The student disturbances in RUSSIA have spread to every University except Dorpat and Tomsk. The Siberian cruelties and Madame Tshebrikova's letter seem to have accelerated the outbreak, although, ostensibly, the students simply demand lower fees, equal rights for male and female students, and the unrestricted admission of Jews to the Universities. The Moscow University is closed, while troops and police guard the Universities in St. Petersburg and other towns. Meanwhile Madame Tshebrikova has been released after a brief imprisonment, and the Czar has visited the military prison at St. Petersburg, where he ordered the release of sixty soldiers.—SPAIN is disturbed by a serious military cabal, headed by Generals Martinez Campos, Jovellar, and Daban. Having complained in a violent letter that the Army is put in an inferior position, and all power given to civilians, General Daban was sentenced by the War Minister to imprisonment for insubordination, but the legality of such a sentence on a Senator is being contested most warmly.—In BULGARIA Major Panitz has made a full confession of the plot against Prince Ferdinand, which, he states, was intended to effect a reconciliation between Russia and the Principality.—NEWFOUNDLAND continues to protest against the *modus vivendi* on the Fisheries Question between France and England. Mass meetings are held throughout the country, and memorials planned to the Queen and Parliament.



THE QUEEN is enjoying beautiful weather at Aix-les-Bains. Accordingly, Her Majesty spends nearly the whole day out of doors driving in her donkey-chair about the grounds of the Villa Victoria in the morning, while the afternoon is devoted to longer excursions. Shortly after her arrival, the Queen visited her estate at Tresserves, and called on Lady Whalley, whose property adjoins Her Majesty's land. On Saturday the Queen received the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, and took a drive along the shores of the Lake of Bourget, returning with Princess Beatrice, who had been sketching by the lake. Next morning Her Majesty and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg attended Divine Service at the English Church, where the Dean of Gloucester is acting as Chaplain, and in the afternoon the Queen went for a long drive. Her Majesty undergoes the massage treatment daily, while Princess Beatrice is taking a course of baths for rheumatism. The Aix Municipality will give a *fête* shortly in honour of their Royal visitors.

The Prince of Wales and Prince George reached Coburg from Berlin at the end of last week, and were welcomed by the Duke of Edinburgh and his son, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse. In the evening the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh gave a family dinner-party in honour of their guests. On Saturday morning the Princes strolled about the town and visited the basket-factory, while in the afternoon the Royal party drove to Rosenau, the Prince Consort's birthplace. The confirmation of Prince Alfred of Edinburgh took place on Sunday in the Palace Chapel before the Royal party and numerous Court and military officials. Dr. Müller examined and confirmed the young Prince, who then received the Holy Communion with his family. After the ceremony the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh held a reception, attended by deputations sent in honour of Prince Alfred from various towns in the Duchy, and a luncheon followed. The Prince of Wales, with the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Alfred, spent the afternoon inspecting the treasures in the Festung, and in the evening the Duke of Saxe-Coburg gave a State dinner. The

Prince of Wales left Coburg on Monday, and was expected at Cannes on Thursday.—The Princess of Wales and her daughters are still in town, and went to Church on Sunday.

The Duchess of Albany at the close of last week attended a special Service in the Albert Memorial Chapel, Windsor, commemorating the sixth anniversary of her husband's death.—The King of the Belgians has spent two days in Scotland to inspect the Forth Bridge and visit Dunfermline. On Saturday he went to Bournemouth, and on Monday left for Ostend.—It is reported that Princess Victoria, second daughter of the Empress Frederick, will marry the widowed Prince Albert of Saxe-Altenburg, whose first wife was the eldest sister of the Duchess of Connaught.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have reached Hong Kong.



THE POPULAR CONCERTS.—The thirty-second season of Popular Concerts ended on Monday last, when, instead of the usual programme of smaller works, the scheme contained several favourite items of the chamber repertory. Schumann's pianoforte quintet, for example, is always an attraction at these concerts, and as played by Miss Agnes Zimmermann, Dr. Joachim, and the rest of the Popular Concert artists, the audience could hardly fail to be appreciative. Mozart's string quintet in G minor, the most popular of the master's quintets, began the programme, which also included Rubinstein's duet sonata in D, Op. 18, played by Miss Fanny Davies and Signor Patti, and Spohr's double concerto in B minor, Op. 88, in which those two consummate artists, Lady Hallé and Dr. Joachim, were associated. On Saturday the programme was devoted to the works of Beethoven. It included the Moonlight Sonata, in the first and last movements of which Miss Janotta somewhat hurried the *tempo*, the string quintet in C, the Violin Romances in F and G played by Dr. Joachim, and the always favourite Serenade Trio. The Popular Concert season, which is now closed, has not been remarkable for any very important additions to the repertory, the most interesting being Dr. Stanford's Sonata in D minor, and Sgambati's string quintet. Popular Concert audiences have likewise this season been introduced to the music of the Abbé Liszt. Concerning artists, the old favourites, including Dr. Joachim, Lady Hallé, Signor Patti, Misses Janotta, Zimmermann, and Fanny Davies have again appeared, and among the other pianists who have from time to time taken part have been Madame de Pachmann, Madame Backer-Gröndahl, Madame Haas, Herr Stavenhagen, and Miss Geisler-Schubert. The health of Madame Schumann unfortunately again prevented her return to this country.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The principal item of the second Philharmonic programme last week was an orchestral suite by the Flemish composer, M. Peter Benoit, who then made his *début* in England as a conductor. It is unfortunate that this wayward, though undoubtedly gifted, musician was represented at a classical concert by a work which, however suitable to accompany spoken drama on the stage, was wholly unfitted for a place in a symphony programme. *Charlotte Corday* is a Flemish melodrama, based upon Frenzel's novel, and produced at Antwerp about thirteen years ago. It contains no fewer than nine-and-twenty numbers, of which four were given at the Philharmonic. Considering that—apart from a *motif* which stands for Charlotte Corday herself, a *motif* representing Marat and two or three others of a similar character—the thematic material consists chiefly of the *Marseillaise*, the *Ca Ira*, and snatches of the revolutionary *La Carmagnole*, all three treated, no doubt, in an extremely clever and picturesque, though often more or less noisy, fashion, the unfitness of the *suite* for a Philharmonic Concert will be obvious. The most interesting section is the ball, which forms an *entr'acte*, opening upon the scene in the drama where Charlotte Corday is seated in the public gardens thoughtfully watching the Parisians dancing a waltz to the strains of an orchestra concealed behind the trees, while in the distance the *Ca Ira* betokens the revolutionary storm gradually drawing near. The waltz, played in the St. James's Hall artists' room by seven of the wind-band instruments, had, however, so comical an effect that the performers were ironically applauded when they returned to the orchestra. The concert otherwise was formed largely of Belgian music, the only exceptions, indeed, being Sterndale Bennett's *Na'ades* overture, and Haydn's *Reine de France* symphony. M. Blauwaert, for example, sang three rhapsodical songs by his brother-in-law, the Flemish composer, Huberti, who conducted them; and M. Ysaye gave a very brilliant rendering of Vieuxtemps' not altogether interesting Violin Concerto in D minor.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—A choral concert was given at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, the programme including Dr. Bridge's *Rock of Ages*, originally produced at the Birmingham Festival, with Mr. Gladstone's Latin words, but now sung to Toplady's original verses; and Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, the principal parts in which were sung by Madame Annie Marriott, Messrs. Piercy and Mills. The instrumental portions were Sir George Macfarren's *S. John the Baptist* overture and Mendelssohn's *Reformation* symphony.—The Royal Academy students gave an orchestral concert on Friday, when a new and highly promising cantata, *The Law of the Brown Rosary*, by Miss Ethel M. Boyce, was produced.—Miss Hope Temple has given her annual concert; and performances have also been given by Mr. Walter Browne, the Wind Instrument Musical Society (who produced a quintet by Herzogenberg), Miss Holland's choir, who repeated *Franciscus*, Trinity College students, the Popular Musical Union (who gave a performance of *Elijah* at Mile End), and many others.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The 19th inst. is fixed for the marriage at St. George's, Hanover Square, of the popular American concert vocalist, Miss Alice Whitcher, to Dr. William Luther Croll.—The concert given for the benefit of Madame Arabella Goddard, resulted in a gross profit of 700*l.*, and a net profit of 600*l.* The total sum, including subscriptions, raised for the eminent pianist's relief therefore now exceeds 1,300*l.*—It is stated that a volume of "Reminiscences" by that veteran composer, Mr. C. K. Salaman, is about to be issued. Mr. Salaman was the first to introduce Grisi at a London concert, and his first concert was given in London no less than fifty-seven years ago.—Mr. Alfred Parsons has designed the front page for the programme book of the Young People's Orchestral Concerts, which Mr. Henschel will direct.—A book of operatic reminiscences will shortly be issued by Mr. Wilbert Beale.—The death is announced of Mr. Antoine, who was for forty-two years a trombone player at the Opera. The deceased had attained seventy years.—The British Orpheus Glee Society propose to revisit London this year, and will give a concert at St. James's Hall, on April 26th.—A new monthly newspaper, dealing exclusively with violins and violinists, will be published on May 1st. It is to be called *The Strad*.—It seems that after all Her Majesty's Theatre is likely to be pulled down at Christmas, for either a co-operative store or an hotel.—Mr. Ben Davies, of the Lyric Theatre, is about to return to the concert room. He will sing the part of Prince Henry at the performance of Sullivan's *Golden Legend* at the Albert Hall this month, and will likewise be one of the tenors at the Bristol Festival next October.



THE matinée performances of last week were unfortunately not productive of any very remarkable novelty. *Jess*, at the ADELPHI, proved to be an inadequate version of Mr. Rider Haggard's famous story; and Mr. Hiller's comedy, produced at the VAUDEVILLE, with the title of *No. 2*, was really too puerile for serious criticism; though a little piece performed on the same afternoon, named *Andromeda*, in which the author, Miss Rose Seaton, appeared, had some literary merit, and no worse fault than that of being a trifle dull. *Pedigree*, a farcical comedy, by Messrs. Bowring and Court, at TOOLE's Theatre, may be described as occasionally funny, though somewhat disjointed. It had the advantage of being cleverly acted, and may fairly be described as a work of promise.

The CRITERION and the VAUDEVILLE Theatres are both preparing to revive *She Stoops to Conquer*. At the latter house, however, Geldsmith's comedy will only be played at weekly matinées.

The novelties at the theatres this week are Mr. Grundy's new adaptation, *A Village Priest*, at the HAYMARKET, and *Dick Venables*, which is to be produced by Mr. Willard at the SHAFTESBURY this (Saturday) evening.

The performances of *The Dead Heart* at the LYCEUM will come to a close on the 9th of next month, when this successful revival will have reached its 184th representation. There will be a few performances of *The Bells*, *Louis XI*, and *Olivia* between this date and the departure of Mr. Irving and Miss Terry to give recitals from *Macbeth*, with orchestral and choral accompaniments. These will commence at Liverpool on June 3rd.

Mr. Buchanan's Greek play, in which Miss Harriett Jay is to appear, is entitled *The Bride of Love*. It is founded on the story of Eros and Psyche.

Professor Herkomer will give, at the Herkomer Theatre, Bushey, Herts, four performances of a poetic comedy, adapted from the French by Alfred Berlyn, entitled *Filippo*, by permission of Mr. E. S. Willard, on April 8th, 9th, 17th, and 18th, at 7.45 P.M.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

WE have received the third edition of Mr. Coventry Patmore's "The Unknown Eros" (George Bell). Nearly one-half of the present volume has been added since the poem which gives its title to the book first made its appearance in 1877. This edition contains all the poems which Mr. Coventry Patmore has written in what he calls "catalectic verse." The verse in this volume is, he tells us, catalectic *par excellence*, as the prose as well as the rhyme are employed with a freedom only limited by the exigencies of poetic passion. Certainly the poet expresses himself very admirably upon occasions. We may quote as an example of his manner and measure from a poem headed, "If I were Dead."

If I were dead, you'd sometimes say, Poor Child!
The dear lips quivered as they spoke,
And the tears break
From eyes which, not to grieve me, brightly smiled.
Poor child, poor child!
I seem to hear your laugh, your talk, your song,
It is not true that Love will do no wrong.
Poor child!
And did you think when you so cried and smiled,
How I, in lonely nights, should lie awake,
And of those words your full avengers make?

Mr. James Flitton, in "Ellen of the Isle: a New Poem" (Thomas Laurie), endeavours to place before the present generation one or two phases of English life and custom "sixty years ago," when the machinery of society was not at such high pressure, and "life was living to exist and enjoy a happy and rational state of being." His purpose is a laudable one; and he observes, at the close of his preface: "Let me pray you, men and women of this fast age, to pull up awhile, and spare time to read (*slowly*) 'Ellen of the Isle.'" This poem consists of eleven cantos and 383 pages. Taking us into his trust, he describes in one place how—

A thousand hearts in rapture beat
Amid the gay assembled fete;

and then makes the following observations on social refinement and courtesy:—

Innate politeness, well express'd,
With common sense and good address,
Will claim its own in every clime,
Where'er it be amongst mankind.
Oft plebeian stupidess will dare
To ape its betters every where;
And, in its own concealed strain,
Give nobler natures needless pain.

We hope Mr. Flitton may give pleasure to numerous readers; though, in view of his desire that they should read him "slowly," he might have made his poem shorter. It is actually quite as long as the "Æneid," though the author of the new epic has scarcely caught all Virgil's grace.

To the handy volumes of the "Canterbury Poets" (Walter Scott) have been added "Lyttton's Plays," edited, with introduction, by Mr. R. Farquharson Sharp. The plays given are *The Duchesse De La Vallière*, *The Lady of Lyons*, and *Richelieu; or, The Conspiracy*.

Messrs. Routledge have added to their "Pocket Library" "Italy," Samuel Rogers' well-known poem. In this poem the author describes his journey through a beautiful country, adorning it with many stories from old chroniclers, and notes illustrative of manners, customs, and superstitions.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS

THE Spring Exhibition at the Suffolk Street Gallery is even less interesting than we had reason to expect, some of the most able members of the Society, including Mr. Hubert Vos, Mr. Anderson Hague, and Mr. John Charlton, not being contributors. The President, Mr. Wyke Bayliss, sends a large interior of "The Cathedral at Monza," like all his works, accurately designed, but false in colour, and flimsy in effect. A pair of small pictures, by Mr. L. C. Henley, representing two lovers in quaint costume of the early part of the present century, under the circumstances indicated by the titles—"Harmony" and "Discord," though somewhat deficient in vitality, are full of carefully considered detail, and painted with extreme delicacy and precision. Mr. H. G. Glindoni shows close observation and great skill in characterisation in his group of rustics watching the performance of a troupe of mountebanks "In the Provinces." Mr. Haynes King is also seen to more advantage than usual in a small picture of three robust women gathering sea-weed on a rocky shore, "Picking Up a Living." Beside it hangs a larger picture, in which a very different incident of sea-coast life is depicted with surprising force and truth by Mr. Frank Brangwyn. It is entitled "Conjecture," and represents sailors and fishermen on a pier-head, in a pouring rain, watching a strange ship drifting towards the shore. This, and the artist's

wintery landscape, with skilfully introduced figures, "January," are perhaps the best works in the collection. Both are remarkable for their truth of aerial effect as well as for their distinct originality and strength of style. Mr. F. Cayley Robinson, who has apparently studied in the same school as Mr. Brangwyn, has a bright and effective little picture of three little girls in a boat on a calm summer sea, "Drifting."

Mr. J. R. Reid's "When the Boats Come In" is full of vivacity and movement, but rather too violent in its contrasts of bright colour. His two smaller coast-studies—"A Little Mother" and "Shrimping"—on the other hand, are charmingly pure and luminous in tone, and strongly suggestive of the salt freshness of sea-air. A comparatively unknown painter, Mr. John Aborn, shows very great ability in "A Bridge on the Ledr," in which all the rich and varied autumnal tints on the wooded banks are most faithfully rendered. Among the very few water-colours with much claim to attention are a full-toned study of the picturesque "Voorstraathaven, Dordrecht," by Mr. C. J. Watson; a bright and dexterously-handled sketch of "Billingsgate, River Front," by Mr. H. Allport; a spacious view of "A North Cornish Harbour" in bright sunshine, by Mr. Nelson Dawson; and several fresh and breezy out-door sketches by Mr. A. W. Weedon. Mr. G. Tinworth sends a terra-cotta panel representing "Alexandra the Great Drinking the Medicine Prescribed for Him by Philip," well composed and carefully modelled, but without any of the dramatic spirit and vivacity of expression that form the distinguishing characteristics of his reliefs of Biblical subjects.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY will support Admiral H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh at the meeting to be held, by permission of the Lord Mayor, at the Mansion House, in aid of the Missions to Seamen Society, on the last Monday in April. The Bishop of Bedford, in whose spiritual charge are the great seaport and docks of London, will also take part in the proceedings.

THE DEATH, in his seventy-third year, is announced of the Rev. Dr. Callaway, first Bishop of St. John's, South Africa, who, beginning life as a practising physician, and becoming a member of the Society of Friends, rejoined the Church of England and devoted himself to its mission-work in South Africa. Appointed to the first church ever erected in Natal, he subsequently founded in the wilderness what became a flourishing mission-station, and, mastering the Kaffir language, translated into it most of the Bible and the Prayer Book, besides composing in it "Zulu Nursery Tales" derived from the natives, with other works of great value to philologists and students of folk-lore. In 1874 he was consecrated at Edinburgh Bishop of Independent Cafraria, where again he established a flourishing mission, with a pro-cathedral, schools, an hospital, and other useful institutions. Failing health forced him to resign in 1878, when and afterwards he made munificent benefactions to church work in his African Diocese.

THE FORMAL RESIGNATION OF HIS SEE, by the Bishop of St. Albans, is announced. It has been offered to, and declined by Dr. Talbot, the Vicar of Leeds, so that, with the Dean of Peterborough's refusal of the Bishopric of Bangor, *Nolo episcopari* has been said twice within the last week or two.

THE BISHOP OF DOVER has been again so seriously ill that, on Sunday, prayers for his recovery were offered up in Canterbury Cathedral.

THE BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH has contradicted, through the Press several of the statements made by Mr. Osborne Morgan, M.P., in the debate on the Tithe Bill. One of these was that the Welsh farmers had objected all along not to the payment of tithe, but to the application of the money to the support of the Church in Wales. To this the Bishop replies that the resistance of the Welsh farmers to the payment of tithe to schools and colleges has been more violent than to the payment of tithe to parochial incumbents. "For example," he says, "the Ruthin Grammar School, of which I am a Governor, has experienced the greatest difficulty in securing the payment of its tithe from the neighbouring farmers, who chiefly participate in the benefits of the school."

PROFESSOR SIR GABRIEL STOKES, M.P., President of the Royal Society, whose orthodoxy is well-known, in an interesting lecture at the Finsbury Polytechnic on "Personal Identity," while declaring a future life to be, beyond all doubt, the doctrine of Scripture, intimated his belief that the doctrine of the innate immortality of the soul was less a scriptural doctrine than a philosophical hypothesis. This hypothesis, in common with several Bishops of the Church of England, who had expressed to him their opinion on the subject, he was disposed to regard as, to a considerable extent, incorrect. The question what was man's condition between death and the resurrection was not, he thought, answered in Scripture, and he himself was inclined to take the view held by several Christians whom he knew, that the intermediate state was one of unconsciousness—passed as it were in a moment, involving as to the perception of each person a violent annihilation of intervening time, whether long or short.

THE CENTENARY of the consecration of the Great Synagogue in Duke's Place was celebrated on Saturday, the Lord Mayor attending, and the sermon being preached by the Rev. Dr. Adler, a great grand-nephew of the Chief Rabbi, by whom the building was originally consecrated. The preacher referred to the coincidence that on that very day, seven hundred years since, occurred the "martyrdom" of the Jews in York Castle, whither they had fled for protection. Only a century ago the Jews were denied all the rights and privileges of English subjects. Since then, one barrier after another had fallen. Several of their brethren sat in the seat of England's rulers, and on one of their fellow-worshippers the greatest city in the world had conferred the highest of its distinctions.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The death, in his sixty-eighth year, is announced of the Rev. William H. B. Hopkins, Honorary Canon of Ely and Rural Dean, who represented the Diocese as Proctor in the Convocation of Canterbury. He was one of the small minority in the Lower House who voted against the condemnation of "Essays and Reviews," and he was described by the late Dean Stanley as the "incarnation of sound common sense."—Cheltenham College, it is said, contemplates the establishment of a Mission in South London.—The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel benefits to the extent of 24,000/- by the will of the late Miss Jane Wilson, of Belgrave Place, whose life was one of persistent and unostentatious beneficence.—The Ecclesiastical Commissioners have been doing something for the conversion of English occupiers of the soil into owners. Under the recent provisions for selling their lands to that-class, they have disposed of more than 8,000 acres—with general preference of small occupiers as purchasers—for sums amounting to a total of nearly a quarter of a million sterling.—The "Merchants' Lecture," founded by London merchants in the reign of Charles II., and latterly delivered at Finsbury Chapel, has been removed to the Memorial Hall. With next week the lecture will be delivered there every Tuesday between 1 and 2 P.M., the April lecturer being Mr. Alfred Rowland.



A YOUNG GIRAFFE has been born at a travelling menagerie in Cambridgeshire. It is a healthy little creature and is said to be the first of its kind born in England.

ON THE EVENING OF FRIDAY, March 28th, the Woodpeckers' Taird Annual Dinner was held at the Mitre Hotel, Chancery Lane, Carmichael Thomas, Esq., presiding, supported by several well-known Graphic artists and engravers. A Smoking Concert with an excellent programme followed, ending a most enjoyable evening and season.

THE LONGEST CLIFF RAILWAY IN ENGLAND is to be opened on Easter Monday,—the lift between Lynton and Lynmouth in Devonshire. Starting from the Lynmouth Esplanade, the carriages attain a vertical height of nearly 1,000 ft. in one and a half minutes; indeed, the gradient is stated to be the steepest of any railway in the world, the incline being one in one-and-three-quarters throughout the whole length. Considering the stiff climb between Lynmouth and Lynton, this railway will be a boon to delicate or lazy visitors to these two picturesque resorts.

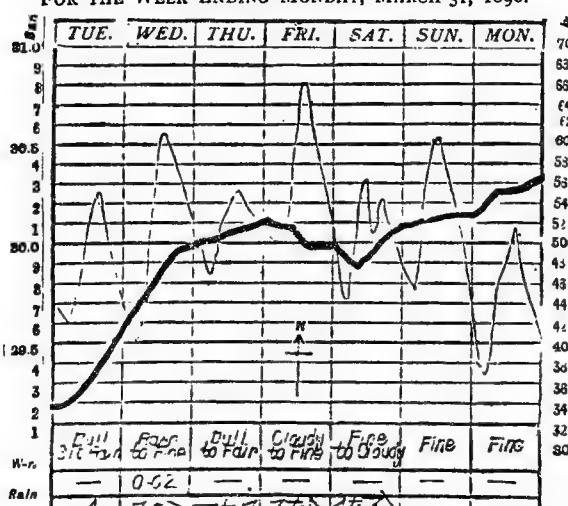
THE QUEEN'S DAILY LIFE AT AIX-LES-BAINS is extremely quiet and retired. Her Majesty rises at 8 A.M., takes a shower-bath of Aix water, and breakfasts at 9. The morning is spent in driving or walking, with the donkey "Jacquot" and his chair in readiness at the foot of every steep incline. After lunch, the ladies-in-waiting read the English papers to the Queen until Her Majesty is ready for another drive. Afternoon tea follows on the Royal party's return, and the Queen then receives the Minister-in-Attendance and writes her private letters, which are despatched to London by a special courier. Dinner is at 9 P.M.

THE EIFFEL TOWER was re-opened last Sunday—the anniversary of its virtual completion last year, when the tricolour flag first floated from the summit. The daily ascents are much cheaper than during the Exhibition, for on ordinary days the fare to the top only costs four francs, and on Sundays and holidays two francs. During the winter the lifts were used every day to keep them in working order, and the buildings on the different platforms are now altered and re-decorated. On the first platform, the French restaurant has been subdivided into small apartments for private dinner-parties, while the Russian restaurant provides less expensive fare for the general public. The Anglo-American bar is converted into a bazaar, with billiard-tables, Punch for the children, *petits chevaux* and other popular amusements; and the Alsatian beer-house becomes a handsome hall for balls, concerts, lectures, and so forth. Above, a cheap refreshment-bar is installed in the little newspaper-office where the *Tower Figaro* was printed, but the rest of the second platform has been entirely cleared, to afford more room for visitors. Finally, the third platform is now an elegant apartment, with sofas, tables, smoking-rooms, telegraph and telephone offices, two postal collections daily, and a shop fitted up for the sale of photographs, medals, and other mementoes of the ascent.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S LAST FAREWELL VISIT before leaving Berlin was to the tomb of his old master, William I. He drove alone to the Charlottenburg mausoleum, and spent a short time in prayer in the crypt, finally laying some beautiful roses on the tombs of Emperor William and the Empress Augusta. In his turn, the Prince received plenty of floral tributes at his departure on Saturday, the railway carriage being turned into a perfect bower of flowers. The most beautiful of all was the Emperor's cushion of violets and tea-roses, which bore a laurel wreath entwined with the national colours. A lovely basket of white lilac came from the Empress. Prince Bismarck took a formal leave of all the servants and officials at the Chancellery in the morning, as only three servants accompany him to Friedrichsruh. Letters of regret and addresses from various German towns have showered in upon the Prince, and the Berlin locksmiths have elected him a member of their Corporation as "the chief locksmith of the country, who forged the key of the Empire." The Prince's pension as retiring Chancellor does not exceed 750/-, but his estates and industrial establishments bring in handsome income. He leaves office the possessor of 103 Orders of various countries, fourteen of these being valuable diamond insignia.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING MONDAY, MARCH 31, 1890.



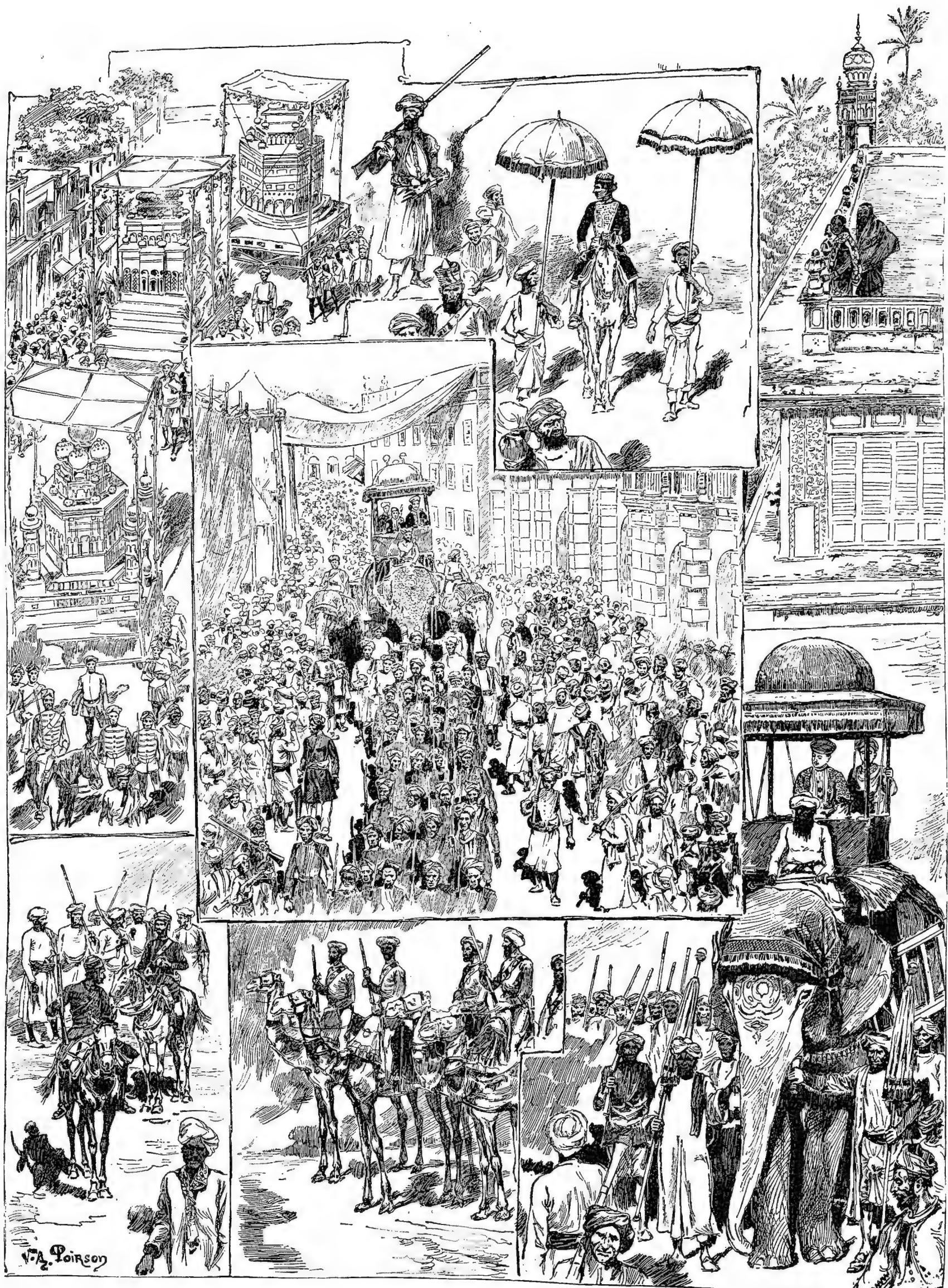
EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Monday midnight (31st ult.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of this week, although showery and changeable at times, has been, taken as a whole, decidedly springlike in most parts of the United Kingdom. At the commencement of the time a large low pressure area of low pressure was central over our Islands, and as this system gradually filled up, another approached our North-West Coasts from the Atlantic. Subsequently, broadly speaking, pressure continued to rule lowest off our Northern Coasts, while it remained highest in the neighbourhood of France or Germany. At the close of the week, however, a brisk rise of the barometer had set in over Western Europe, and anticyclonic conditions prevailed very generally. Thus, during the major portion of the period Southerly to Westerly breezes were experienced in all places, and while squally, showery weather was felt at times in most parts of the country, the sky was very frequently clear and bright, and temperature above the average. The highest temperatures which occurred about the middle of the week were 64° at Loughborough and 66° in London. Rather sharp ground frost was experienced in the South-East of England towards the close of the time.

The barometer was highest (30.30 inches) on Monday (31st ult.); lowest (29.18 inches) on Tuesday (2nd ult.); range 1.12 inch.

The temperature was highest (66°) on Friday (28th ult.); lowest (37°) on Monday (31st ult.); range 29°.

Rain fell on one day. Total amount 0.02 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.02 inch on Wednesday (26th ult.).



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MR. CHRISTIE MURRAY is invariably at his best in dealing with the life and character of the Black Country, and especially when he keeps clear of that far less interesting region called "Society." In "John Vale's Guardian" (3 vols.: Macmillan and Co.) he has allowed himself both these advantages; and not the less for his taking his favourite district for his stage at a point where it was not yet black, nor became so until nearly the close of the third volume. His portraits are of the yeoman class, and admirable portraits they are—full of life and character—and more distinct from one another in their talk than is always the case with Mr. Murray's *dramatis personæ*. He has also kept entirely clear from what has hitherto been his worst defect—the intrusion of his own personality. Perhaps, as he has so successfully got rid of one besetting fault, he may also some day get rid of another—his inveterate imitation of the mannerisms and affectations of Dickens, which is about as bad a habit as any novelist can acquire. The central, and most interesting, character is Robert Snelling, a sort of rustic Napoleon in his masterfulness, in whom the gradual growth of murder is traced with a precision and power which almost raises it from the region of melodrama into that of tragedy. But our own favourite characters are Farmer Shorthouse, Isaiah Winter, and their fellow-illustrations of comedy, not unmixed with pathos here and there. John Vale's French friends are chiefly of value by way of contrast. Altogether, the novel must be classed among the successes of its curiously variable and unequal author, in spite of many notes of hurry and carelessness, as in the introduction of characters apparently on the chance of their turning out useful, who are afterwards dropped out and forgotten. The little girl who sings like a bird is evidence that Mr. Murray began to write his story without much notion of what it was going to become.

"One Another's Burdens," by Mary E. Mann (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), is likewise distinguished by one exceptionally strong and, in many ways, original portrait—that of the Reverend Simon Elgard, who belongs to the prolific race of Tartuffe, but with characteristics of his own. How a man whose character had been previously exposed contrived to obtain a benefice Mary E. Mann does not inform her readers. But she does, to very excellent purpose, tell how he became a spiritual hero in the eyes of Miriam Strong—one of those well-meaning, but intensely aggravating,

heroines who make a point of being victims and martyrs in and out of season, and are never happy unless they are miserable. Her sacrifice of her love and her lover, because she thinks she can lead a more useful life as the wife of the Vicar, is too much like monomania to obtain for her the sympathy claimed for her, which will be readily accorded to her sister Lilbie, whose unselfishness is a matter of course, and without a morbid touch of any kind. The interest of the novel attaches rather to character than to its incidents, though of these latter, one, at least—the fate of the Vicar—is exceedingly effective. One special merit in the novel is the skill with which its many portraits are contrasted, so that the strong points of each are brought into the highest possible relief. We ought to add that, though a clergyman is made "the villain of the piece," it is for dramatic effect only, and the absence of any feeling in his calling is as clear as day.

Mr. G. G. A. Murray's "Gobi or Shamo: a Story of Three Songs" (1 vol.: Longmans and Co.), is a very surprising sort of work. It tells how three enthusiasts of to-day, inspired by the accidental discovery of a manuscript in a Levantine monastery, make their way through China into the great desert of Central Asia in search of a colony of ancient Greeks, and succeed. It is impossible to give the barest sketch of the adventures of Mavrones, Baj, and Wibbling among Chinese, Mongol nomads, Tibetan pilgrims, the savage Sanni, and the classic survivals of the old Greek city. It must suffice to say that they are as exciting as the most robust appetite can desire, and this, even when possibility is the most outraged, with remarkably few of the exaggerations which, in most current books of imaginary adventure, spoil interest by destroying the effect of reality. The cleverness of the novel is as undeniable as its eccentricity; and a new type of character is presented in the person of Mozep Khiarsk, a Tartar by race, a Greek by religion and association, and a *commis voyageur* by profession—a wonderful combination of shrewdness and folly, puffery and piety.

"For Somebody's Sake," by Edith Stewart Drewry (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), is one of those novels which an unlimited number of ladies seem able to turn out by the hundred, and which are scarcely to be distinguished from one another. The only memorable point about this particular specimen is the early age at which the heart of the hero, then a boy of fifteen, received an indelible impression from the bright eyes of a little girl of six, whom he never met again till they were both grown up. There had been a sort of feud between their families; of course she begins by thinking he is indifferent to her—"Ah! blind, blind, blind!" exclaims Edith Stewart Drewry; of course she really loves him; of course a stupid promise causes a misunderstanding between them after they were married; of course there is considerable of "Ah, bah!" and

"N'est ce pas;" in short, everything is of course, and as there seems no falling-off in the supply of this sort of fiction, the corresponding demand must be assumed. The phrase, however, "M. le Comte—ang'icé, the Count," suggests that the authoress herself does not think much of the intelligence of the demand.

"Dollis Brooke," by Carter Harrison (1 vol.: Remington and Co.), reads rather as if the author had at least once supped at Romano's, and been taken behind the scenes of *Dorothy*, and was so proud of the achievements that print was inevitable. Of actual acquaintance with life generally there are fewer signs; but there are some of an acquaintance with the conventions of current fiction, such as that a girl would consider the discovery of her illegitimate birth a bar to her marriage, and, instead of coming to an explanation with her lover, run away and hide herself. We have known as poor work from pens which have done good work afterwards, and we trust that this experience may prove of good omen.

THE NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AT CAMBRIDGE, of which we give an illustration some weeks back, is to be opened in May. It has cost about 100,000*£*, and is one of the most complete churches built in modern times. We are glad to know that the design is due to an English firm of architects—Messrs. D. & J. Hansom, and Dunn, of Newcastle-on-Tyne—for the building will be a distinct embellishment to a not very interesting street.

A NEWSPAPER MUSEUM exists at Aix-la-Chapelle, containing a specimen of nearly every journal published throughout the globe. The largest newspaper is the *Illuminated Quadruple Constellation*, brought out in 1859 at New York, and intended to appear only once in the century. This colossal journal consists of eight pages, eight feet and a half long and six feet wide, with handsome illustrations. In contrast, the smallest paper in the world is *El Telegram*, published at Guadalajara, Mexico.

PRACTICAL JOKES ON THE FIRST OF APRIL have gone out of date in England, but the French still keep up the custom in a mild form. Most people send a "Poisson d'Avril" to their families and friends, whether it be a cardboard or sugar fish filled with sweet or a comic letter. This year the most fashionable "April jokes" are tiny visiting-cards, with a fish in the corner, and some witty saying beneath, appropriate to the recipient, or a miniature artist's palette, with fishes replacing the colours. On the Paris Boulevards the confectioners' windows are full of fishes of all kinds, sugar, chocolate, and silk, beautifully imitated from nature. Easter eggs are even more numerous, and serve as receptacles for expensive gifts, while even the poorest Parisian can buy a cheap coloured egg in the Central Markets, where they lie in great red heaps.

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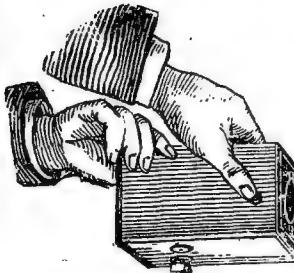
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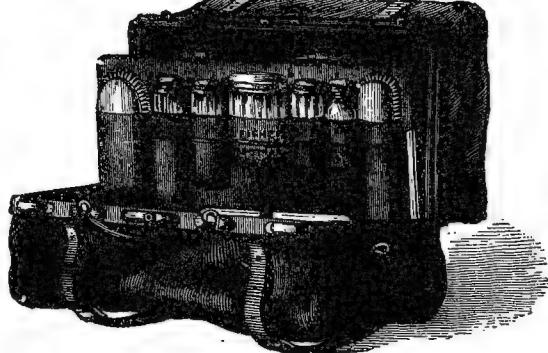
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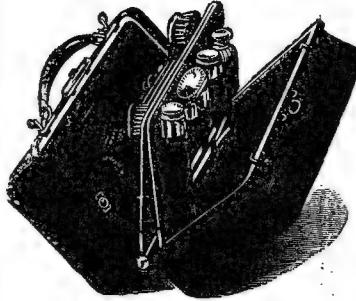
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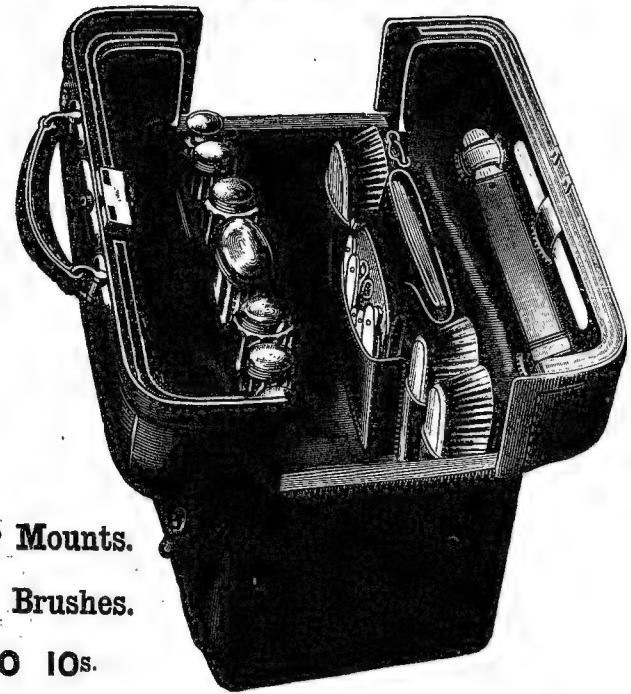
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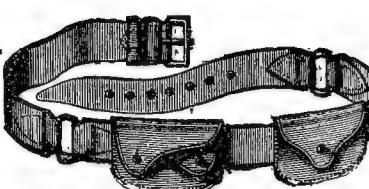
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THE SEASON.—Farmers are busy with oat and barley sowing, and over the greater part of the country the weather has been all that they could desire for work, which in consequence is well forward. The frosts which prevailed before the mildness of the latter part of March crumbled the clods into the fineness required for a good seedbed for barley. The wheat which was sown before the old year left us looks uncommonly well, and the thick, close braid augurs well for the yield later on. The plant is suffering in some few places, however, from what appears to be the wheat bulb fly; the chrysalis is found in the heart of the braid, which becomes swollen and colourless. A good many farmers have been pushing their stores of old potatoes on the market at the same time that they have been getting the nucleus of a new crop into the ground. The low prices quoted for potatoes is very discouraging, but the tubers are growing rapidly in the pits, and perhaps it is well now to clear even at a guinea a ton. Large quantities of potatoes are now being fed to stock, and if farmers only take the trouble to boil and pulp them into a nice mash, they are splendid food. Live stock are doing very well this season, the lambing time having been highly favourable in all the principal districts, while the extent to which disease is to be met with is so slight that the country may be said, roughly speaking, to be free from any scourge. The sheep have come through the winter at little cost, with few losses, and in admirable condition. The fall of lambs in the early districts has been up to the average, and the casualties of the first few weeks after birth have been fewer than usual.

THE FIRST WEEK OF APRIL—or, say, the first ten days—is stated, on the experience of a very old hand at gardening, to be the only time of the whole year when hollies can safely be transplanted. When they are about to burst their buds there is a reciprocal action

below, thus enabling them to start into growth at once before the bark becomes shrivelled and contracted. A heavy mulching, with a thorough soaking of water at the time of planting, will help to prevent this, and will be of great service in enabling them to become quickly established.

RURAL ALLOTMENTS have many advocates now; but they had far fewer eulogists in 1845, when Charles Darwin wrote the following letter, just published:—“I sincerely hope your allotments will succeed. I have never been convinced by what has been written against them. I have bought a farm in Lincolnshire, and, when I go there this autumn, I mean to see what I can do in providing any cottages on my small estate with gardens. Few things would do this country more good than to lessen the differences in land-wealth by making more small freeholders.” Darwin goes on to regret the stamp-duty charged on conveyances of freeholds. He regarded this duty as discouraging the purchase of land.

THE PRICE OF CORN is now very low, the policy of holding over the winter having been completely frustrated by the wonderful mildness of the season. The Imperial average for wheat has sunk to 29s. 8d. per qr., while London quotes 29s. 9d. only, a fall of 11d. since the middle of March. In the North Leeds quotes a comparatively good price, 31s. 5d.; Ripon, 31s. 8d.; Goole, 31s. 6d.; and Northallerton, 32s. 4d. per qr.; but even in the counties north of the Humber there are weak markets, such as Berwick, which accepts 28s. 8d.; Newcastle, 29s. 6d.; Hull, 29s. 5d.; Doncaster, 29s. 11d.; and Thirsk, 29s. 6d. per qr. The averages in East Anglia also run low. Barley at 30s. 4d. for the Imperial average is a fairly good price, but this is due to the good proportion of fair malting quality among the small deliveries at recent markets. At Newcastle 24s. 6d. only has been quoted. Oats are quoted at 18s. 7d. for the Imperial average, and at 19s. 1d. in London. In the North, where the deliveries have been decidedly large, the price is lower: thus Hull quotes 17s. only; Sheffield, 18s.; Beverley, 16s.; York, 16s. 9d.; Alnwick, 16s. 11d.; and Carlisle, 17s. 5d. per qr. Maize for beans and peas low prices are accepted at all markets. Maize has fallen to 17s. per qr., the lowest English quotation recorded for this staple. Rye at 25s. is not at all cheap by comparison. The maize offered at 17s. is American, not the best, but still very fair feeding quality.

SIGNS OF SPRING.—The swallow, which is periodically reminded that it cannot aspire to “make a summer,” might easily rejoin that its aspiration had never exceeded that of being the herald of spring, which to us in England, as to the Greeks in Athens, it undoubtedly is. The swallow, or at least the martin (*Hirundo urbica*), has been seen at Kendal by Mr. G. W. Murch, a careful naturalist and a thoroughly competent observer. Kendal is curiously far north for a first appearance, but the birds may have flown along the milder coasts of Western France and up St. George’s Channel, in preference to a more direct course by the colder and bleaker east. Another spring visitant—the chaffinch—was observed at Stroud as early as March 20th, while Mr. J. M. Gill claims to have heard the cuckoo on the same day at Whitchurch, near Tavistock, in South Devon. The wood-pigeons are now building in St. James’s Park, and also in the pleasant gardens of Gray’s Inn. In the still more sequestered Lincoln’s Inn Fields there are always wood-pigeons, and their usual time for breeding is early April. It is pleasant to notice that the stocking of Battersea Park water with fish, and the prohibition of fishing, has resulted in kingfishers taking up the sport. No fewer than three separate birds have recently been seen there.

EAST ANGLIAN FOLK LORE.—The Fen lands have always had a local and a very isolated life of their own, and it is therefore not very strange after all when we hear that a village on the Cam has been very excited, owing to the attempts made to induce the body of a drowned man to float. The poor fellow is known to have been drowned, and every day for a week the villagers have been parading up and down the bank of the river beating a drum vigorously, in the expectation that they would cause the body to float. We have not heard that any discovery has resulted from these efforts.

HUNTINGDON is no wonderful walk from either Cambridge or Ely, but it is a distance sufficient to affect the form of this curious superstition. The other day a man was drowned in the Mere, and several loaves of bread, with quicksilver inserted in the loaf, were thrown in on different days. The body was expected to rise, and it was eventually found. At the inquest an old man asked to be allowed to place his hand on the corpse, as he had bad dreams concerning it, and his touching it would prevent them coming again.

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Court Circular, March 8, 1890.

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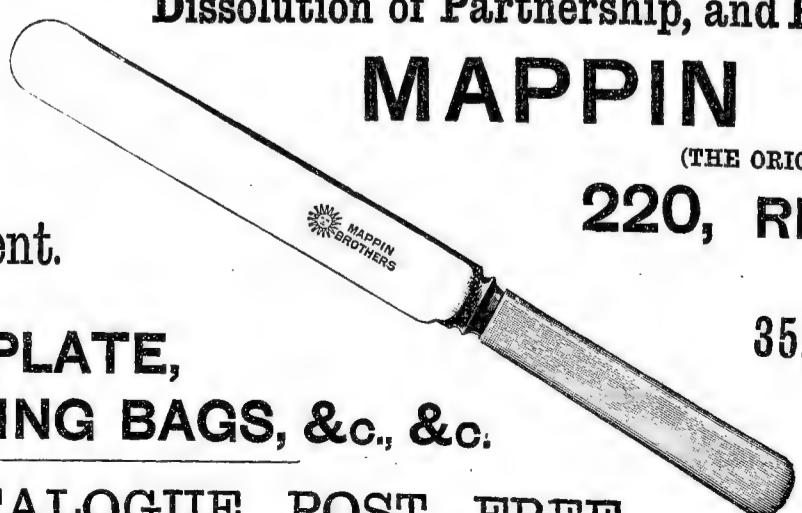
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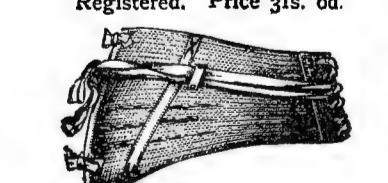
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J. T. DAVENPORT, London.

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CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne, that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say that it had been sworn to.—See *The Times*, July 13, 1880.

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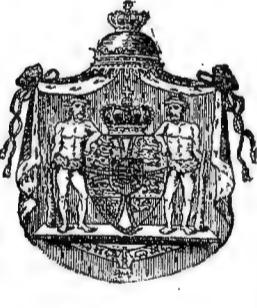
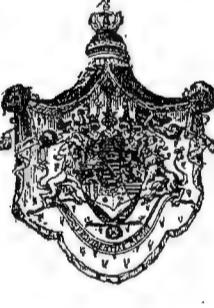
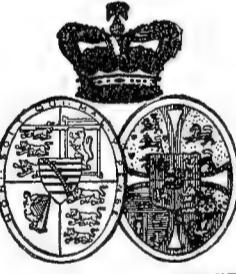
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Tempest. Act 1. Scene 2.

"It hath done meritorious service.
What think you?"

Merry Wives of Windsor. Act 4. Scene 2.

"Thus much of this will make black white,
Foul fair."

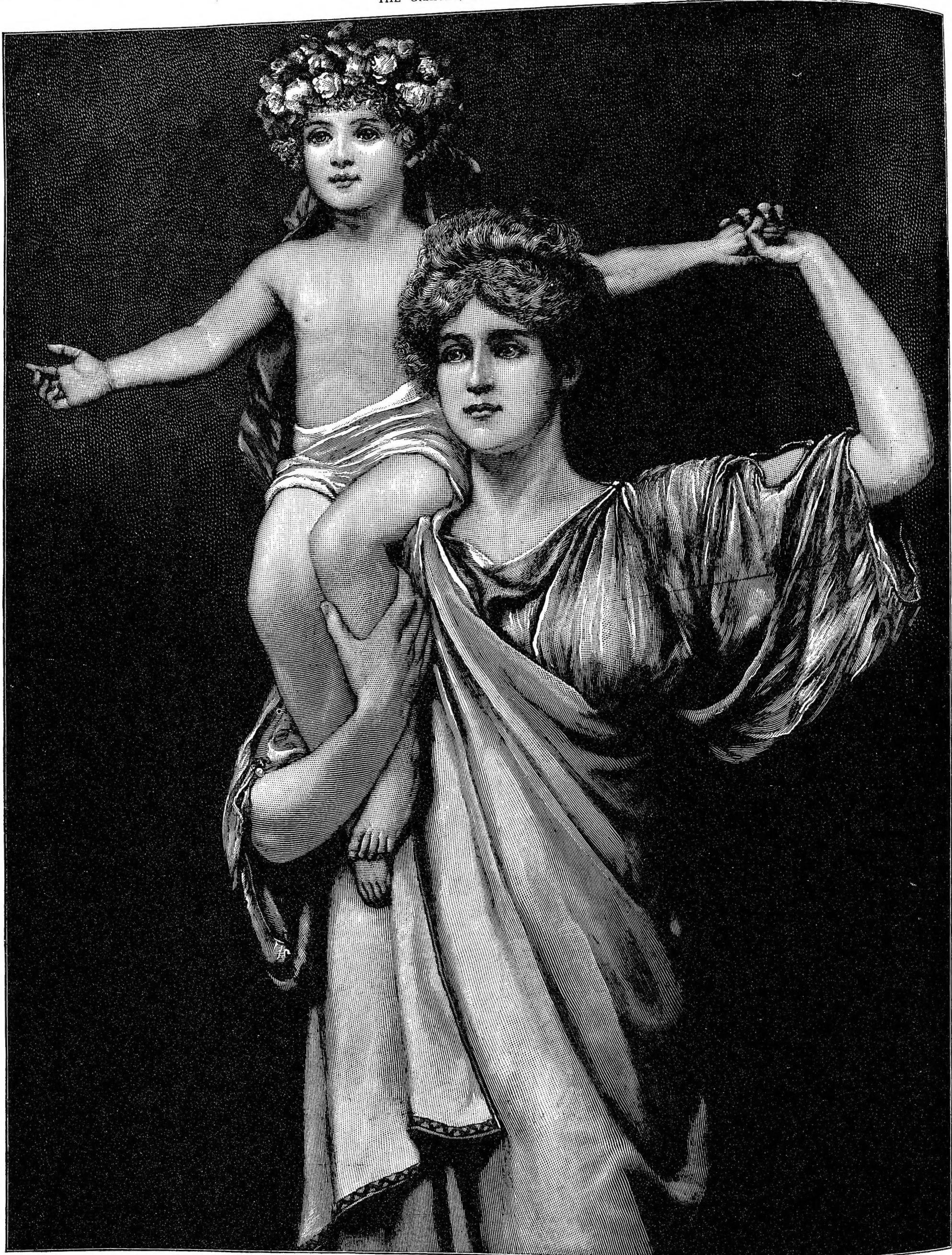
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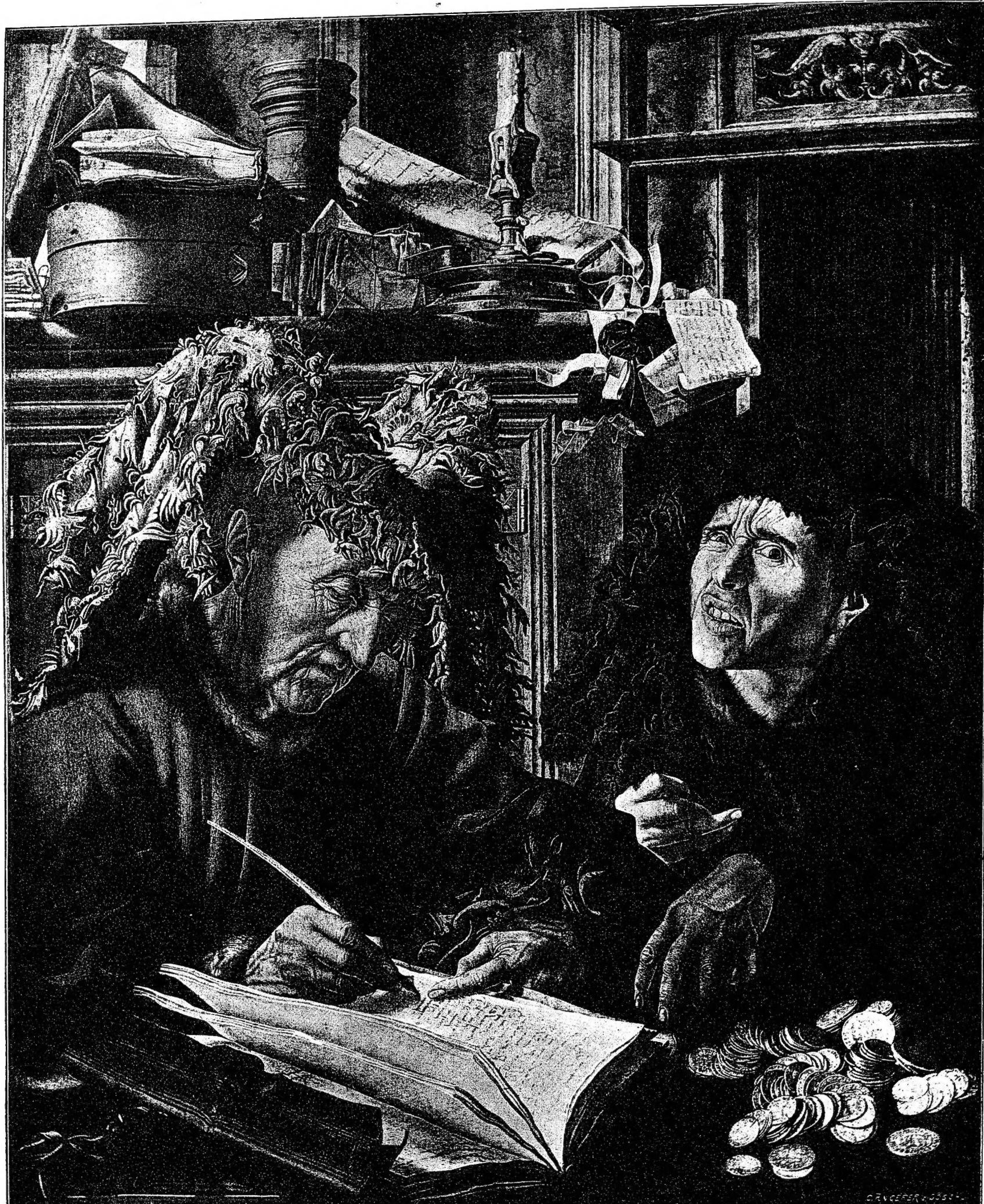
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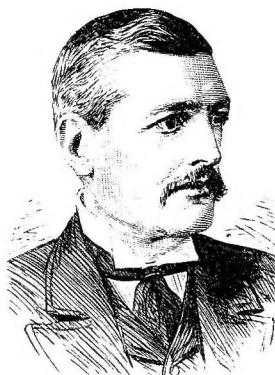
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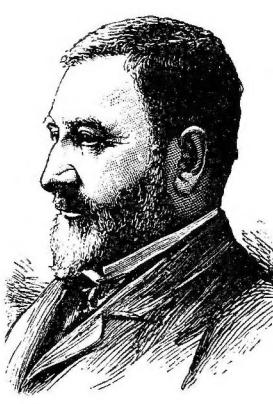
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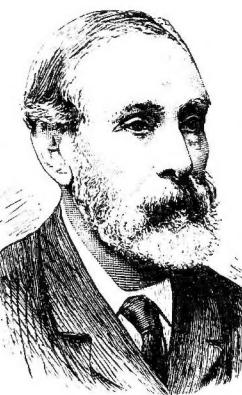
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